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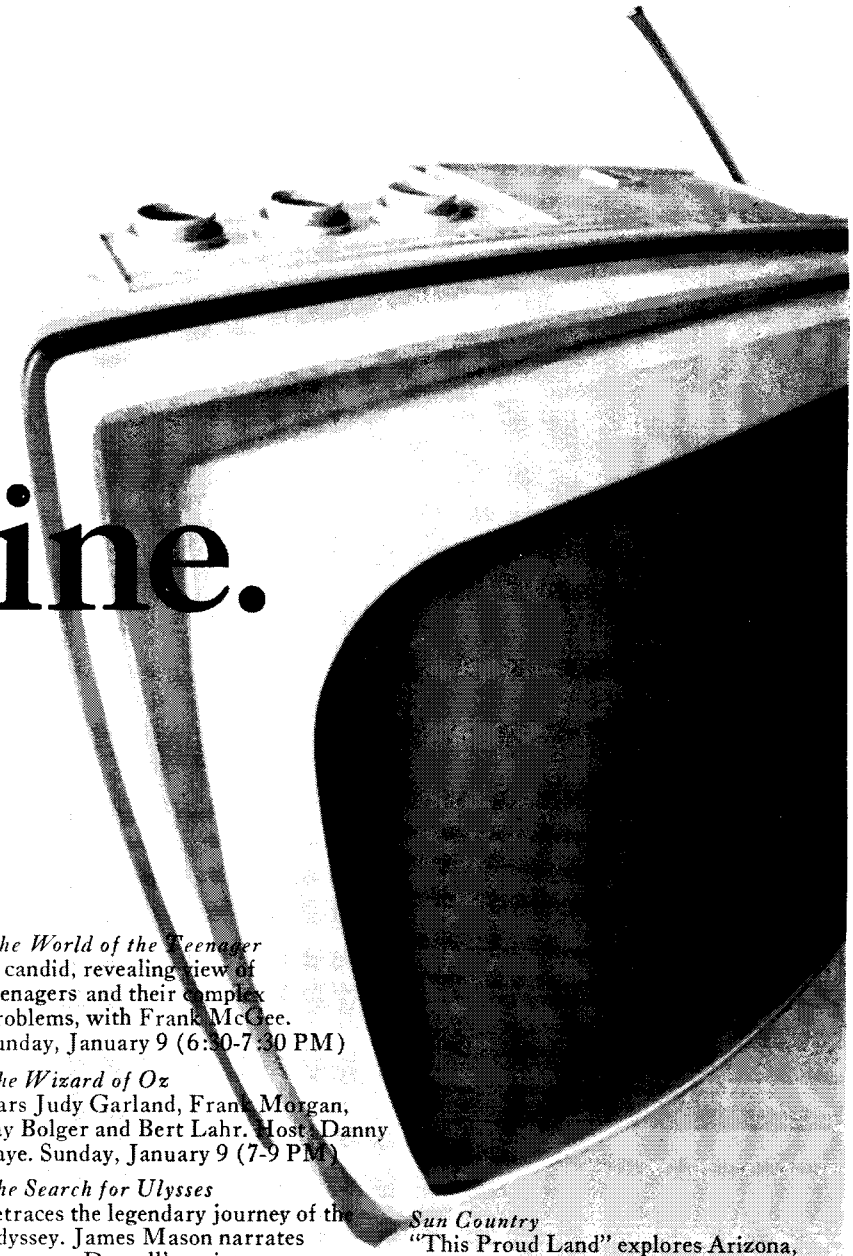

In January, television will transport you to the Mediterranean of Ulysses, Thoreau's Walden Pond, the Sun Country of the Southwest today, The Promised Land of yesterday, The Land of Oz with its wonderful wizard, Miami with its new dilemma, the big wild world of Kenya and a fantastic place called Never-Never Land.

Sooner or later, if you take the controls and operate them selectively, television will take you practically anywhere you want to go.

ABC Scope
Orphans of the Living; Dilemma in Vietnam II; Watts; Dilemma in Miami; Nixon. Saturdays, January 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (10:30-11 PM)

Wide World of Sports
Charlotte "200" Stock Car Race; Alpine Skiing; Ski Jumping; Surfing Championship; Motorcycle and Toboggan Championship. Saturdays, January 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (5-6:30 PM)

Pigskins and Parades
Football games featuring top teams and the traditional pre-game spectacles will be telecast on January 1, 2, 8 and 15.

Discovery
Discovery Goes to Israel; Discovery Goes to Kenya; The Vanishing Jungle; The World of Galileo; Discovery Goes to Greece. Sundays, January 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (11:30-12 Noon)

Directions '66
Thoreau at Walden Pond; The Vatican, Part 1 and Part 2; American Indian; For Want of a Catapult. Sundays, January 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (1-1:30 PM)

The Inheritance
Biblical history is recreated in Iran, Iraq, Egypt, Jordan and Israel. Sunday, January 2 (1:30-2:30 PM)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert: A Birthday Tribute to Shostakovich. Wednesday, January 5 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The World of the Teenager
A candid, revealing view of teenagers and their complex problems, with Frank McGee. Sunday, January 9 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Wizard of Oz
Stars Judy Garland, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger and Bert Lahr. Host: Danny Kaye. Sunday, January 9 (7-9 PM)

The Search for Ulysses
Retraces the legendary journey of the Odyssey. James Mason narrates Lawrence Durrell's script. Tuesday, January 11 (10-11 PM)

The National Health Test
Viewers at home can participate to test their knowledge of health and medicine. Tuesday, January 18 (10-11 PM)

Peter Pan
Mary Martin flies into the hearts of young and old in Sir James M. Barrie's classic tale. Friday, January 21 (7:30-9:30 PM)

Ages of Man
Sir John Gielgud in his internationally acclaimed one-man Shakespearean program. Part 1 and Part 2. Sundays, January 23, 30 (4:30-5:30 PM)

Meet the Press
A global press conference via Early Bird Satellite. Sunday, January 23 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Testing: Is Anybody Honest?
Home-viewers are tested and see how personality, aptitude and I.Q. tests work. Sunday, January 23 (10-11 PM)

Sun Country
"This Proud Land" explores Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas. Wednesday, January 26 (9-10 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs
Monday through Friday:
Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS Reports

Saturdays:
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Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/ Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/The Catholic Hour/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Sports in Action/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney

Note: Times (EST), programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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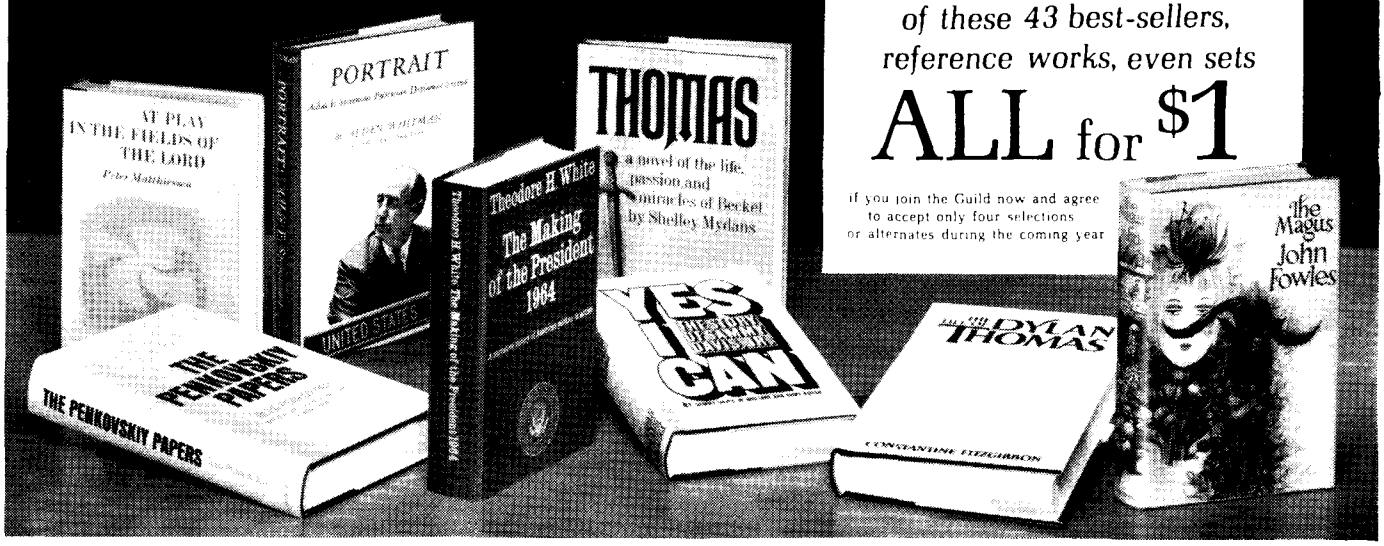

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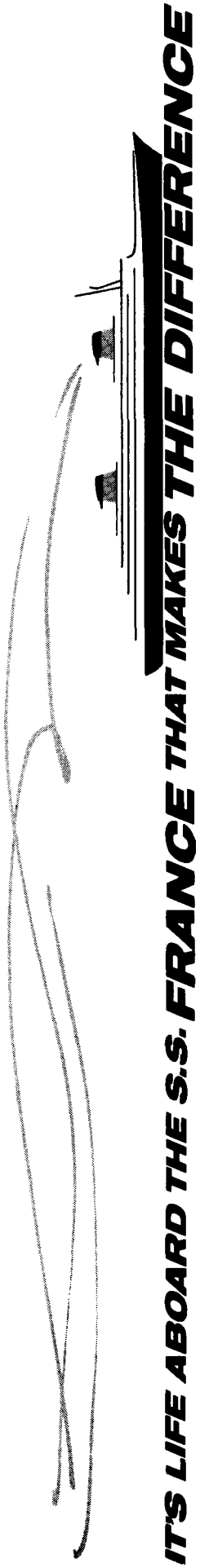

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Editorial and Business Office: 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021; Phone: TEmpleton 2-8800.
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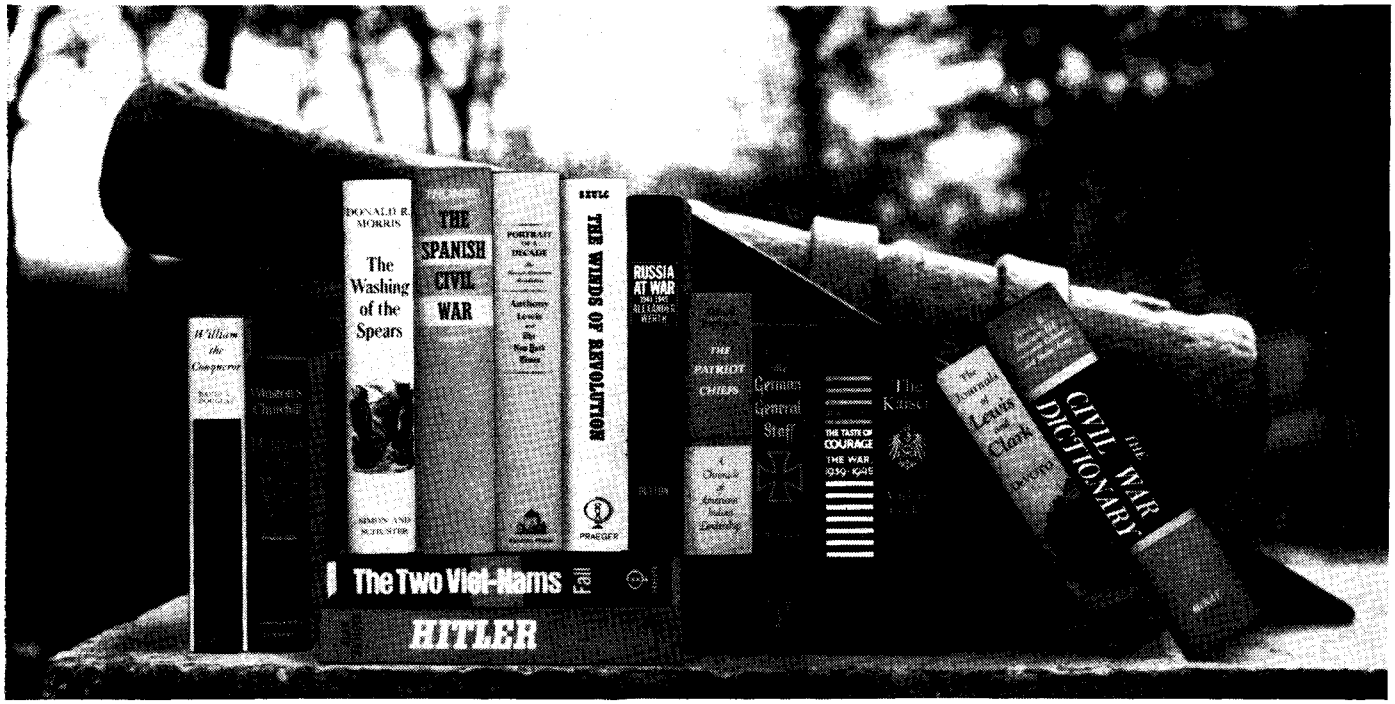

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

DURING the last few weeks the world's attention has been focused on Vietnam, most recently on the attenuation of the fighting and the suspension of our aerial bombardment of the North. Then all the news turned on the trips of members of the administration flying to Warsaw, to Rome, and to Canada. Something is afoot, and when **Max Ascoli** wrote his editorial the title was, appropriately, "Suspense." This is one of those moments when diplomacy takes a hand, and two different things may happen: either an attempt at negotiation, or a new round of fighting. In the editorial the trite word "escalation," and whatever fuzzy idea is behind it, is carefully avoided. Two aspects of this unconventional war are provided by **Edmond Taylor,** who continues his battlefield reporting, this time in the Mekong Delta, and by extracts from the diary of a young man who, employed in Vietnam by our government, prefers to be anonymous.

DESPITE our glorification of John Paul Jones and the Nantucket whalers, our twelve thousand-odd miles of seacoast on three oceans, our overseas state and other territories, and our vast economic and military traffic around the world, we Americans are not much interested in the sea. Yet we are of necessity a maritime nation, and we ignore the fact at our peril, as the problems of supplying the war eight thousand miles away in Vietnam make clear. **Rear Admiral John D. Hayes** (USN, Ret.), editor of the Naval Institute's Naval Letters Series, describes the inadequate, obsolete merchant-marine fleet, operating under outdated legislation and costly subsidies, on which we now depend, and he suggests ways of remedying the situation. . . . We have always deplored the tendency to dump on the United Nations matters that we should deal with ourselves. In the just-completed session, the U.N. justified our objections several times over by its ineffective involvement in a number of "crises." **Philippe Ben** covers the organization as a correspondent of *Le Monde* of Paris. . . .**Tom Dearmore,** co-editor of the *Baxter Bulletin* of Mountain Home, Arkansas, reports on the beginnings of what may be a latter-day Scopes case in Arkansas, one of three states still prohibiting the instruction of evolution in public schools. . . . Japan's constitution rules out an army but does not say how an unarmed nation can face a belligerent neighbor like Communist China. The Japanese, therefore, have devised a "Self-Defense Force" which, with U.S. help, they are equipping with modern weapons. This build-up is discussed by **Albert Axelbank,** the North American Newspaper Alliance correspondent in Tokyo. . . . **Philippe Decraene,** who reports on Africa for *Le Monde*, considers the changing relationship between France and its former colonies south of the Sahara.

THE Camino de Santiago runs through five hundred miles of northern Spain from Roncesvalles to Santiago de Compostela, second only to Rome among the holy places of Europe. The miracles that once were commonplace on this pilgrims' road still haunt the traveler today. **Frederic V. Grunfeld,** one of our regular music contributors, now lives in Mallorca. . . . When Herbert Blau and Jules Irving took over the Vivian Beaumont Theatre in Lincoln Center, hopes ran high that New York might at last have a permanent repertory it could be proud of. Unhappily, neither of their first two productions has been a great success. **Gerald Weales,** who teaches at the University of Pennsylvania, has just prepared an edition of William Wycherley's plays which Doubleday Anchor will publish in the near future. . . . The Huntington Hartford Gallery of Modern Art is presenting the first major showing of Salvador Dali's work to be seen in New York in twenty years. **Alfred Werner's** next book is on Modigliani. . . . **Peter Davison** makes his first appearance in *The Reporter.* He is director of the Atlantic Monthly Press and author of *Breaking of the Day and Other Poems,* which is available in both hard cover and paperback from Yale University Press. . . . **Fernando Krahn** has finally gone too far. . . . As **Robert P. Knapp, Jr.,** says, it is probably too soon to arrive at a completely dispassionate appraisal of Douglas MacArthur. Nevertheless some broad conclusions can be reached on the career of this man whose experience of methods of warfare ranged from Indian fighting to the nuclear bomb. Mr. Knapp, a graduate of West Point, is an attorney in New York. . . . **Elizabeth Stille** is a member of our staff. . . . **Anatole Broyard** is a free-lance writer with a particular interest in contemporary fiction.

Our New Year's cover is by **Lajos Szalay.**

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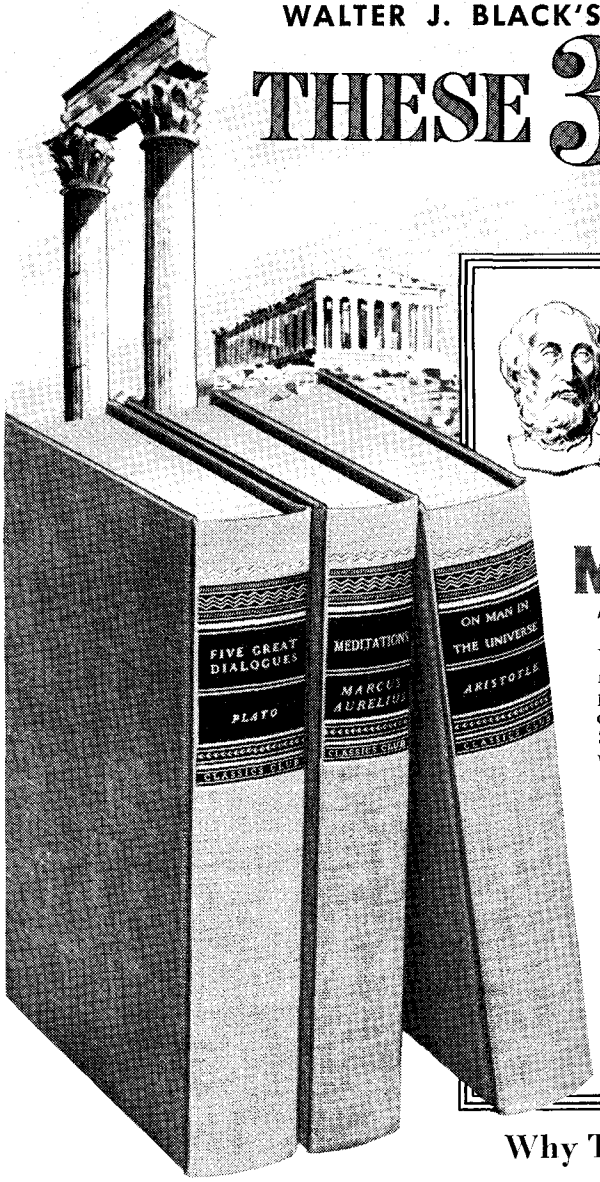

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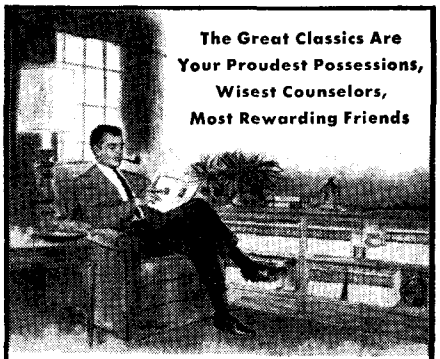

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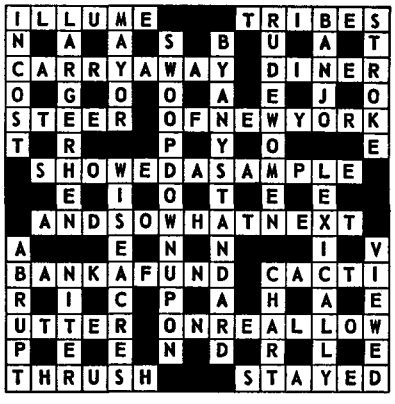
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THE VITAMIN HEALERS

To the Editor: In his "The Vitamin Healers" (*The Reporter*, December 16), Ralph Lee Smith has done an excellent job of presenting the facts, together with editorial appraisal of many of the features involved. I was particularly glad to note also his criticism of the failure of the Federal Trade Commission and the Federal Communications Commission to take reasonable action in protecting the public. He might have pointed out more forcibly the miniature fines that have been assessed on those convicted, in contrast with the profits they make from their charlatan activities.

I hope that you will bring Mr. Smith's article to the attention of Congressmen and Federal agency executives and continue to publish papers that will keep the public and political leaders informed.

GLEN KING, Associate Director
Columbia University School of Public Health & Administrative Medicine of The Faculty of Medicine
New York

To the Editor: Ralph Lee Smith's attack on the vitamin healers displays a credulity approaching that of Carlton Fredericks's most rabid followers. There are good grounds for believing that if the vitamin healers are overly zealous in their claims, the bureaucrats of the Food and Drug Administration are overly complacent in theirs.

Take the third of the three "myths" exposed by the FDA: "The American food supply is devitalized by overprocessing." On the whole wheat-vs.-enriched flour controversy, Adelle Davis, whose nutritionist's credentials appear to be in order, says that whole-wheat flour has far more nutritive value than "enriched flour," which, she claims, "is one of the most misleading terms ever used."

Thus there appears to be a middle ground between the claim of the food-faddist organization that judged enriched flour positively harmful and the orthodox nutritionists who judged it equal to whole-wheat flour. Because nutrition is a complex science in a primitive state, there is obviously room for a fairly wide range of informed opinion. To rely on FDA officials, who share with all bureaucrats a lust for tranquillity, seems somewhat naïve.

JACQUELINE PERRY
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: I have read Ralph Lee Smith's "The Vitamin Healers" with great interest. His article presents facts that are familiar to us and have been the concern of many professional persons in New Jersey for a long time. For the protection of the public, it is essential that facts from qualified sources be made available to them through official and professionally recognized channels of communication. The public needs to be alerted to the facts regarding false teaching to which they are exposed by faddists and self-styled nutritionists.

Because of our concern for persons with chronic illness who may become victims of food faddists, we have stimulated the development of a program of Community Diet Counseling Services in New Jersey for those who need additional assistance with restricted diets prescribed by their physicians. The dietary counselors in this program are qualified nutritionists who have met the educational requirements of the American Dietetic Association and have also participated in refresher training courses in diet therapy, biochemistry, and counseling offered by our department in co-operation with Rutgers—The State University.

ROSCOE P. KANDLE, M.D.
State Commissioner of Health
Trenton, New Jersey

To the Editor: Your article dealing with Carlton Fredericks was a sad and grubby attack upon the man and his work. It lacked intellectual preparation, used the most specious arguments to condemn him, and ended up sounding about as impressive as though it had been written by a very angry public-relations writer for the FDA.

I. H. GORDON
Dobbs Ferry, New York

To the Editor: Would you please convey to Ralph Lee Smith our admiration for the forthright and thorough presentation of the subject, and to your editors our commendations for publishing this kind of article.

LEROY VORIS
Executive Secretary
Food and Nutrition Board
National Academy of Sciences
Washington

To the Editor: Although I agree with virtually all of Ralph Lee Smith's detailed facts, I should like to protest the easy assumption underlying that article; namely, that truth and falsity, or even better and worse, are readily distinguishable in the field of human nutrition. As indicators of what is troubling me, though scarcely as proof of my position, I offer the following points:

1. Fluoridation of water supplies, a good thing in my opinion and that of many experts, has been strongly opposed by some nutritionists of considerable reputation, such as Robert Harris, director of the Nutritional Biochemistry Laboratory at M.I.T.

2. American foods may be nutritionally "unsurpassed," but there are at least some Rachel Carson-type arguments, relating to residues of insecticides and herbicides, spoilage-retarding additives, and the like, that cannot be totally neglected.

3. The AMA is scarcely an unim-

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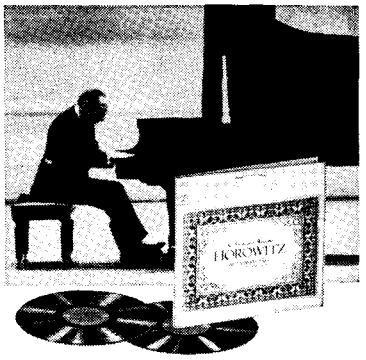

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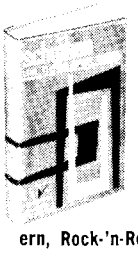

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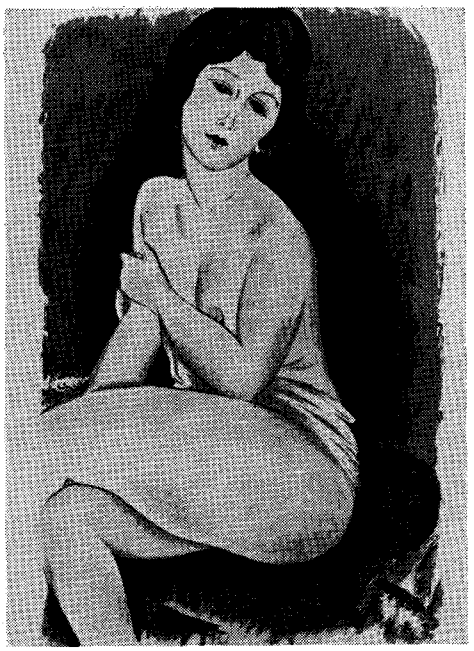

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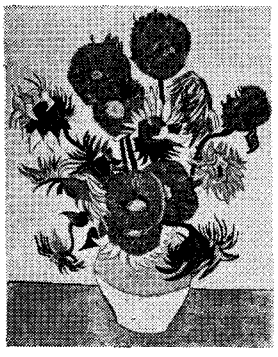

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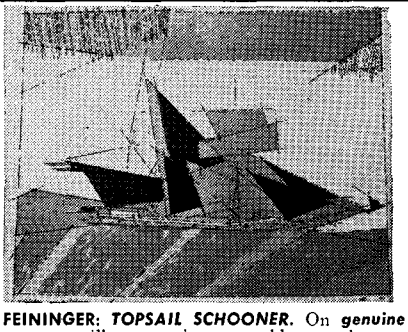

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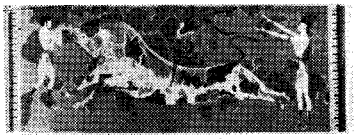

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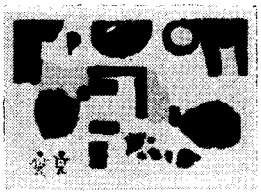

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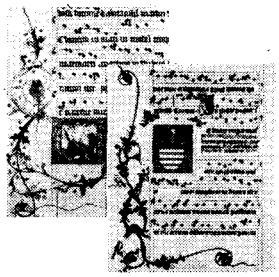

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Emotional Exports

It seems just a short while ago that the government was congratulating itself on the compromises that at long last resulted in passage of a new omnibus farm bill which, among other things, would continue the practice of rewarding some farmers for limiting their production. Now, we hear, there is a move afoot to reverse our agricultural policy. Instead of holding down production to avoid surpluses and storage expenses, farmers would be encouraged to grow all they could and the increased surpluses would be distributed abroad in an expanded Food for Peace program.

Such a program would have many supporters. Besides the farm-state Congressmen and farm groups, eager for increased government purchases of food surpluses, many in and out of government for political and/or humanitarian reasons would look favorably on the plan. Chairman Harold D. Cooley (D., North Carolina) of the House Agriculture Committee is expected to call hearings on the proposal soon in advance of the expiration this year of Public Law 480—the current Food for Peace program.

The plight of India, stricken by famine last year while we were enjoying our customary bumper crops, and reports from Latin America, where food production has failed to keep pace with population growth, dramatized the need for the extra food which we can produce so easily.

But there is another side to the story. A case can be made for the arguments that we provide a crutch for inefficient and unfriendly régimes when we send food to Yugoslavia, Algeria, or the United Arab Republic; that some countries, such as Brazil, have come to depend on U.S. grain shipments instead of making a real effort to increase their own production, so that we may have actually braked development in that sector; and that we will get into diplomatic hot water with allies such as Canada if we greatly increase our giveaway programs in the foods which are their principal exports. On top of all this, we wonder how much more the government would be asked to spend in purchasing expanded farm surpluses.

It is too soon to pass judgment on a proposal that is still little more than a rumor. We certainly favor making the most of our tremendous agricultural technology to help the hungry. But there is such an overload of emotional appeal in Food for Peace that we hope that the hard questions will not be overlooked before we reverse our present agricultural policies.

Running Brooke

For months Massachusetts politicians have been waiting for the veteran Republican Senator Leverett Saltonstall, who is not a man to share confidences, to announce whether or not he would seek re-election. Even his thirty-eight-year-old son William, a key member of the Senator's staff for the past seven years, has often been in the dark on his father's pending moves.

One person who anticipated the Senator's decision not to run, however, was State Attorney General Edward W. Brooke. Well in advance of the recent announcement, he told his confidants that he would act on the presumption that Saltonstall would retire. Brooke is the Negro Republican who won a plurality of almost 800,000 votes even while President Johnson was winning a greater margin in Massachusetts than in any state but Rhode Island and Hawaii, a 1.2-million plurality and 76.2 per cent of the vote.

In September Brooke mentioned at a press conference that he was tired of being a prosecutor and would like to run for the Senate if Saltonstall retired. The next day, Republican Governor John Volpe announced that he too would want to be the new Senator if Saltonstall retired.

Brooke went to the Governor and told him that he would not attempt to oppose him, but added that if Volpe did run for Senator, Brooke would run for the governorship. Whether this was more of a threat than a promise is not clear. "A good number of the white Yankees in this party would not look with favor on Ed as head of the state party," as a member of Brooke's staff has put it. Whatever the case, Volpe's indecision may have eliminated him from the Senate race.

Brooke's next problem was a case of overzealousness on the part of his staff. His press aide, Jerome Sadow, sent letters to several national columnists enclosing friendly columns which pointed out that the Massachusetts Republican Party might be putting itself in a position of retarding one of the G.O.P.'s brightest offerings if Saltonstall didn't step down and Brooke, as it were, had no place to go.

When the Boston *Globe* published a story about the letters, which it correctly assumed were putting pressure on Saltonstall before he had made up his mind, the Attorney General and the Senator joined in an exchange of "Dear Senator"-"Dear Ed" letters. Brooke, who appeared to have been slightly hurt, also made a public proclamation of loyalty to the Senator, with whom he has not enjoyed very good relations.

Now, however, things are looking up for Brooke. The national party wants him, and the state party seems to accept him a little more each day. If he can win the nomination, he will face one of a half dozen Democrats who would welcome the chance to take on a Negro Republican in a heavily Democratic and almost lily-white state. Brooke's own people think the Democratic candi-

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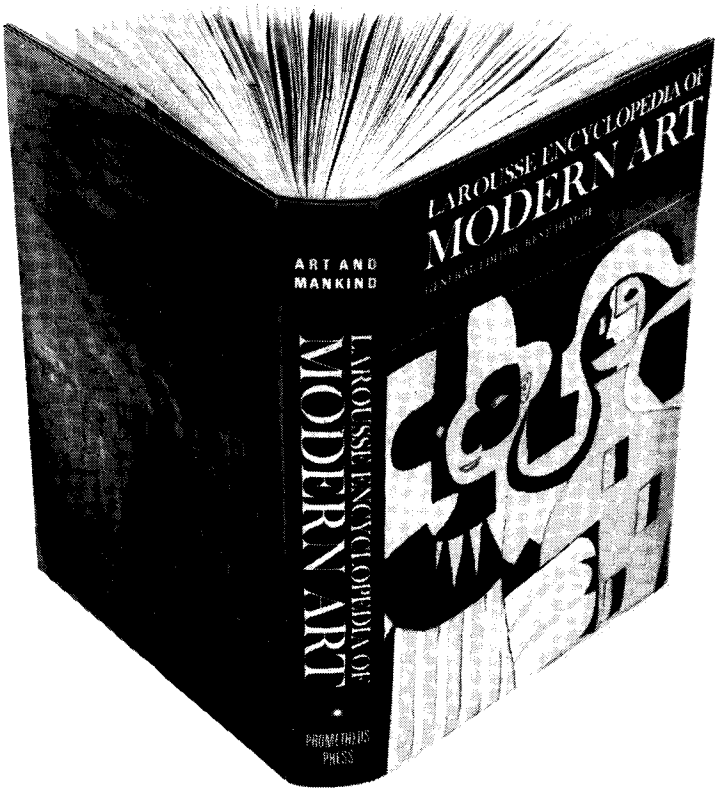

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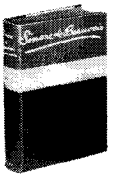

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date will be Mayor John Collins of Boston, a tough and somewhat ruthless politician who has made few alliances but has earned his reputation as a good mayor. Collins grew up in Roxbury, which is now a Negro district where Brooke lived until recently. "It will be a dirty, dirty fight rivaling the best Roxbury has presented," a Boston reporter remarked with relish.

Fanfani's Helpmeet

Are you, dear reader, finding January's stock-taking and resolution-making a depressing experience? If you are a housewife, have you tried and failed to understand what's *really* going on in Vietnam, Kashmir, Rhodesia? Are you no more on time for appointments than you were a year ago? Have you still not read Marcel Proust in the original? Or not even in English? And do you still talk too much when you are nervous, drawing a fishlike stare from your husband, if not worse?

Consider the case of Donna Biancarosa, the wife of Italian Foreign Minister Amintore Fanfani, and take heart. An honorable *casa e chiesa* wife, devoted mother of seven, she only wanted to be helpful, to clear up the misunderstandings that beclouded the role of her husband and his old friend Professor Giorgio La Pira, the Sicilian-born former Mayor of Florence, in their efforts to bring peace to Vietnam. All she did was to arrange a little meeting at her apartment between La Pira and the editor of a magazine that had been much too harsh with him. Of course, if Amintore had been in Rome she would have asked him first, but he was off in New York presiding over the General Assembly of the United Nations—and it was a question of now or never. And then that mean editor wasn't convinced by the professor, as she was sure he would be, but had to go and print that La Pira had said that Secretary of State Rusk "doesn't know anything, doesn't understand much," and that her husband's boss, Premier Aldo Moro, is "sad and soft." Oh dear, it was all getting so complicated and Amintore would be cross.

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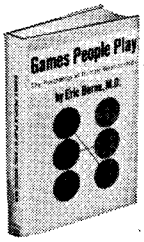

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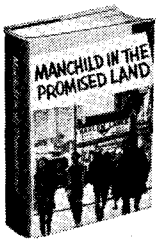

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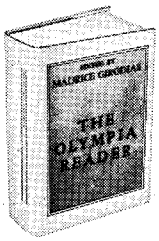

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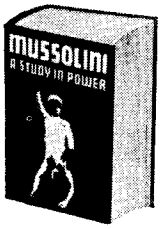

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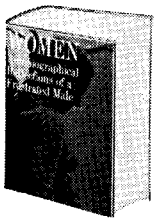

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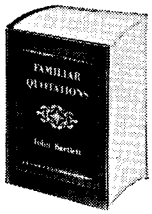

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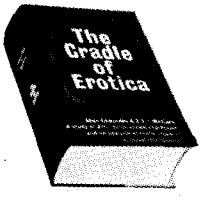

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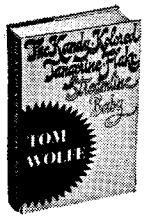

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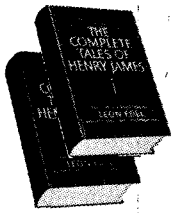

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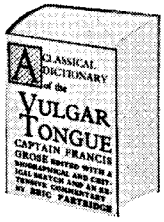

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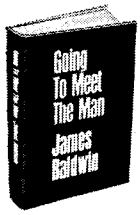

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 139

by HENRY ALLEN

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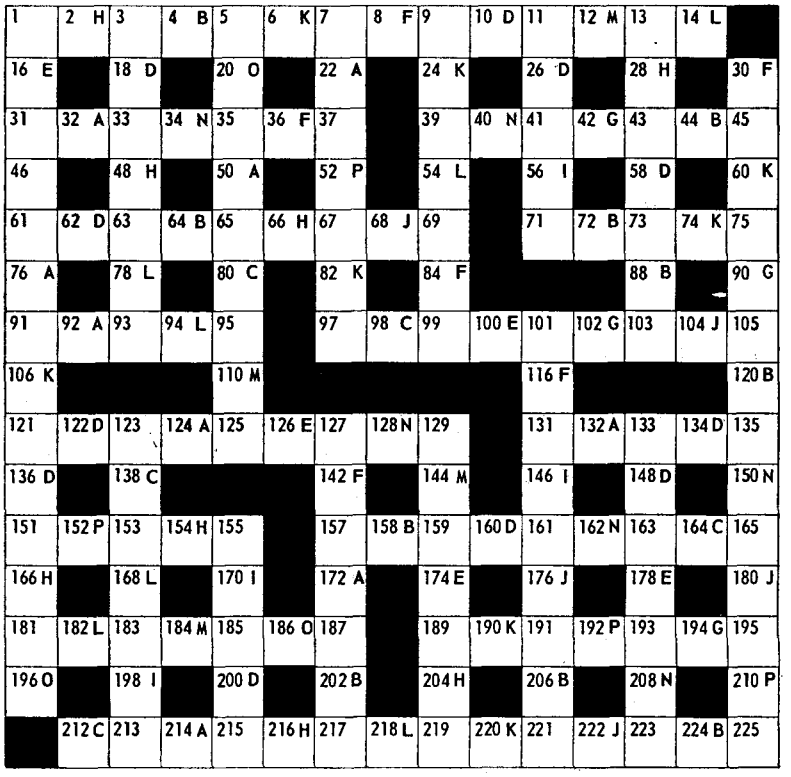
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues: One is a conventional synonym, the other a pun, anagram, or play on words
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person the Acrostician.



A
172 92 76 214 50 132 22 124 32 Author of "Leave It to Psmith."

B
120 224 158 72 202 206 44 4 88 64 The Heaviside laye

C
164 98 212 138 80 Greek word translated as "Word" in the King James Version.

D
160 148 58 62 10 122 18 200 134 26 136 Group encountered by Odysseus in the "Odyssey." (5,6).

E
100 174 178 16 126 "Sleeps the calm_____, in the whispering chambers of the Imagination." Dickens, "Martin Chuzzlewit."

F
84 8 36 116 30 142 Wrangle (colloq.).

G
102 194 42 90 "Which serves it in the office of a wall,/Or as a _____defensive to a house." Shakespeare, "Richard II."

H
154 166 216 2 66 48 204 28 Latin term for The Virgin (5,3).

I
46 56 146 198 170 "_____is a cad and coward,/_____is a vulgar beast." Chesterton, "The Song of Right and Wrong" (same word twice).

J
176 68 222 180 104 King of France, 987-996.

K
74 6 106 60 220 24 190 82 Ancient name of Menderes.

L
182 14 54 78 218 168 94 Bronze-colored.

M
12 184 144 110 "Gossips count her faults; they scour a narrow chamber / Where there is no window,_____not heaven or her." Meredith, "Love in the Valley."

N
208 150 40 128 34 162 "He only does it to annoy, / Because he knows it_____." Carroll, "Alice in Wonderland."

O
20 196 186 Not well.

P
192 210 152 52 Son of Lamech (Genesis).

ACROSS

1. Area of activity of the Acrostician (7,7).
31. Fresh laid in old baskets, possibly (3,4).
39. A cheer? A pain, rather.
61. Seasonal party – a true Yale tea? (4,5).
71. Chambers in moors and leas.
91. Hero's simple triumphs include Roman reds.
97. My sloth I'd leave for well-founded folk tale (5,4).
121. Broke, they say, and idiotic, too.
131. Stones useful to a singer, banker, or correspondent.
151. Find an arm in by such crazy behavior (Brit. slang).
157. Eternally tricky at the end.
181. Flower scale is all male.
189. Shelters where Roman lions swallow an emmet (4-3).
212. Old exclamation of astonishment to anger Thor with a stirrer (5,4,5).

DOWN

1. Party–not political, but theatrical? (5,5,4).
3. Just pokes along with a Wales minister.
5. Starboard for Goldwater (5,4).
7. Topers with conductors following fifty (slang).
9. Teethless when they end late.
11. Mistake in Herr Orrenstein's account.
13. Nelson's ship is winged in Paris.
30. Partake of food–not for thought, but sight (5,3,4,2).
101. School apparel for Tom Sawyer et al. (5,4).
123. I'll have no rum or brandy for such fact (2,5).
127. Kind of 121 across palaver which may help one engaged in 30 down.
129. Craftsman who will muddle in the middle.
133. To battle (in tennis, perhaps) (2,3,2).
155. Conference place–you all to go to it in Southern speech?

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idea could have so misfired as to force her husband's irrevocable resignation a week later? That she would be publicly humiliated by the reasons he gave for resigning: "unjust and unfounded considerations and judgments by a friend and an improvident initiative by a member of my family"?

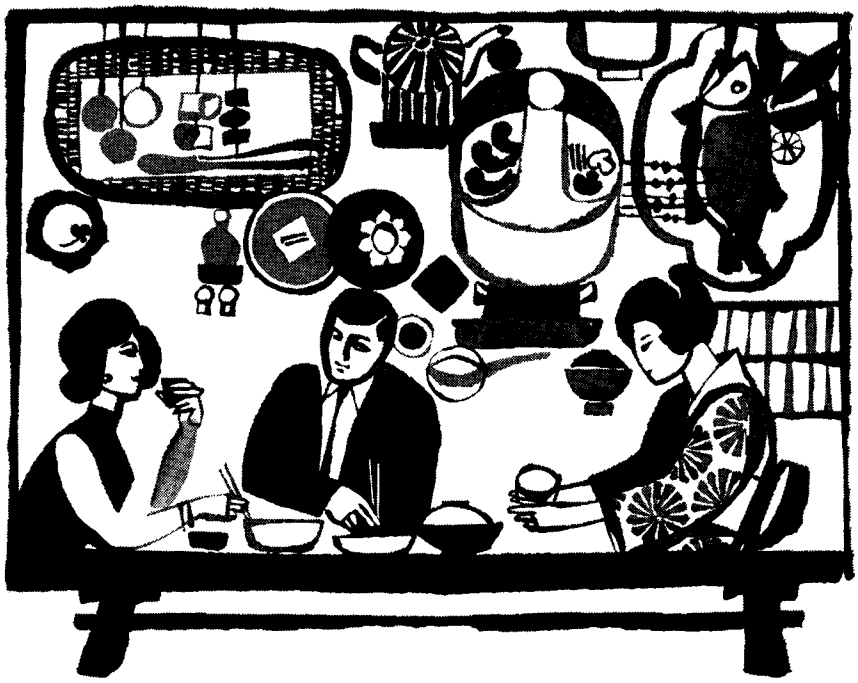
Never mind Proust—think of poor Signora Fanfani and the New Year resolutions *she* is up against!

Party of One

Strange things are happening at the Democratic National Committee. In an era of affluence, it acknowledges a debt of more than $1 million. The week before Christmas, about thirty of the eighty-five staff members were fired. The apparatus built under President Kennedy that proved so serviceable to President Johnson in 1964 is demoralized and in a state of disrepair, and no one seems to know quite why.

The registration section was allowed to disband when its chief, Matt Reese, went back to West Virginia. Don Ellinger, a Texas labor official, who had been chosen by President Kennedy and George Meany as the liaison man between organized labor and the National Committee, has been moved into a job in the Agriculture Department. Richard Maguire, another Kennedy man who has been the most successful treasurer in the party's history, has quit to practice law. Maguire's money-raising talent will be missed, almost as much as his ingenuity and imagination as a politician.

The chief victim of the cutback is the effort to expand the party base of registered voters, contributors, and workers. These are the very areas where the Republicans, under Chairman Ray C. Bliss, are just beginning to compete effectively. Apparently the expansion of the Democratic base is not being pushed because Mr. Johnson is skeptical of any need for it. High-ranking committee officials have been told by the President that they and a couple of secretaries should be able to do whatever needs to be done to run the Democratic Party. Staff members who thought they would



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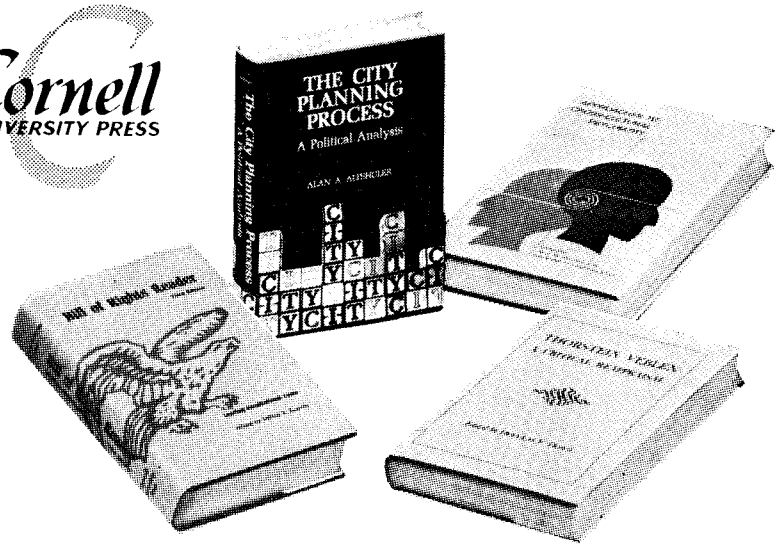

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be spending their time on party organization chores have been handed leftover clerical duties from the White House.

To some Democrats critical of these developments, the process reflects the scorn Mr. Johnson often expressed for the National Committee in the 1950's, when he was Senate Majority Leader and Paul M. Butler, the party chairman, was prodding him to be more liberal. To others, the cutback in the party organization seems a product of the President's Texas experience, where party loyalty and party structure are somewhat loose.

The man presently in charge at Democratic headquarters is Clifton C. Carter, a Texas neighbor of the President's and a helper in every Johnson campaign since his first race for the House back in 1937. But the shots are being called from the White House by Marvin Watson, Bill Moyers, and the President himself.

It may not be literally true, as Washington sometimes thinks, that whatever Lyndon wants, Lyndon gets. But the Democratic Party leaders have learned that what Lyndon doesn't want, they won't be permitted to do.

Tailpiece

Every trade has its difficulties. If only we were sufficiently imaginative we might anticipate some of these and take it in stride when we read in the London *Daily Telegraph* that "Tail-biting among pigs has increased with the trend toward intensive rearing systems. It can lead to loss of growth among injured animals and reduce farmers' profits." In this case we reserve our sympathies for the pigs rather than the farmers, since, the article continues, "Boredom has been suggested as the principal cause in hundreds of replies to a survey conducted by Mr. David Bells, chief pig adviser to British Oil and Cake Mills." Intensive rearing *is* boring, and cutting off the pigs' tails, as many farmers are now doing, is certainly no answer.

As for us, we're all for a good wallow and a smart trot around the barnyard.

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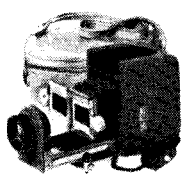

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Suspense

In a very few days, the anguish of waiting will be over, and those who care, in our and every other country, will know whether the bombing in Vietnam will be renewed with multiplied vigor or whether the conflict will taper off toward cease-fire negotiations. The scurrying of our diplomats in search of contacts and advice may serve to share the responsibility of the government for the final outcome, and as its representatives have been on the move more than those of any other involved nation, they have already gained a small advantage. They are engaged in broadening the consensus.

The notion of an American empire imposed on us by a military might whose control we cannot share, in spite of all the gimmicks à la MLF we may devise, deeply disturbs the nations associated with us. How can we expect them to be sympathetic to our Vietnamese adventure and well-disposed to our demand that they take a share in it after we have so zealously helped them to divest themselves of their own empires?

In this comparative suspension in the Vietnam fighting, our country is trying to find a constituency and a mandate. The pain of being misunderstood or misjudged has become more hurtful now, when foreign disparagements are vigorously re-echoed at home by what is called the New Left.

These criticisms of our policy—at present mostly centered on Vietnam—do not find the Communists unprepared. For a long time, and even before Khrushchev, they had developed a tentacular technique aimed at neutralizing our allies one by one. Popular Front government can keep a country isolated by its own internal troubles. This formula failed in Europe in the late 1940's, but a decade later had a glorious rebirth in Southeast Asia, and most particularly in Indochina. A new variation of the Popular Front theme, the International Control Commission, with representatives of a Communist, an alleged neutral, and a democratic nation, was assigned supervision of the Geneva Agreement. As the Communists had planned, it totally failed. A rougher type of Popular Front, another troika, was engineered to keep Laos divided under the same flag. Yet as if experience meant nothing, our government seems determined to revive the Geneva formula.

The relative lull in the fighting will be a good thing if it leads to an end of hostilities, and if the rulers in Hanoi realize that we could inflict far greater harm on them. But, considering their fanatical obstinacy in always asking the same things, including the immediate withdrawal of our troops from South Vietnam, there is little room for hope. Should the war be resumed, the position of our country toward the rest of the world and the still unreconstructed protesters here at home would no longer be founded on the commitments of previous administrations but on the responsible decision of the one in power—after the President, through his intermediaries, has consulted with a large number of foreign leaders.

No nation can be considered an island unto itself, not even ours, and certainly not South Vietnam, a problematic nation, whose institutions and people for years have been subjected to the merciless battering that only Communism can inflict and that reduces men to a pulp, ready to be reshaped in the Communist mold. We found ourselves in South Vietnam because of the accidents of diplomacy. Now we are there because we must. The precedent of divided Vietnam cannot become normative, lest what happened in that land be repeated wherever a country is split into two parts, one non-Communist and the other under a Communist régime that deprives its subjects of any privacy and makes their deprivation unaccountably contagious.

There has been much talk about the reunification of the country through free elections, as if free elections in North Vietnam were not a ludicrous joke. There is not much sense even in considering free elections in South Vietnam until those tortured people have enough peace to find their bearings and be rerooted in their families and in their communities. They may not vote then according to a two-party system, but vote they will. It must be added that it is somewhat indelicate to harp so much on free choice through the ballot as a test of a régime's legitimacy, considering how many are the countries in the United Nations, with Soviet Russia at the head of the list, where the free ballot is unthinkable.

The end of the agonizing lull will come when the President speaks to the nation. Through his messengers, he has communicated with all the major temporal leaders, and with the Pope. The debate will come later, first of all with Congress, and the keynote must be given by the President's speech. May he be forceful, candid, and charitable, as becomes a man who wants to be the embodiment of a just cause.

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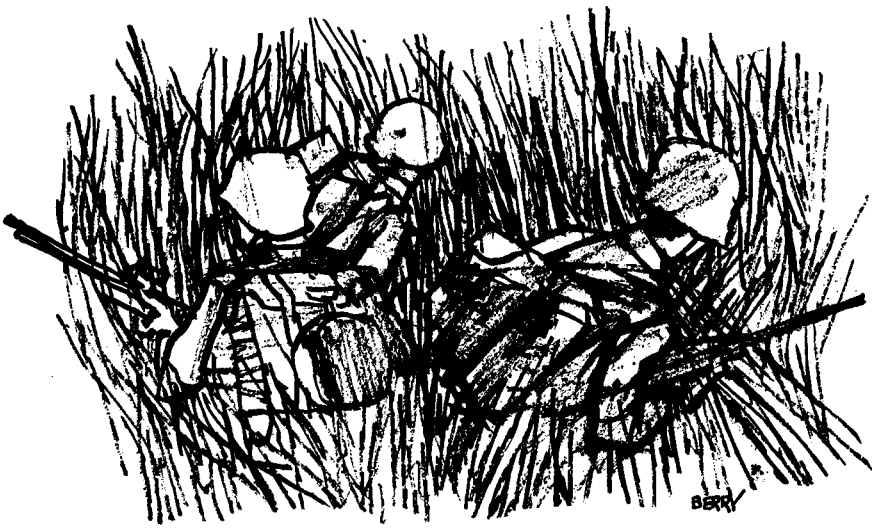

Battle in the Delta

EDMOND TAYLOR

SAIGON

"YOU'VE hit it lucky this time," a jovial U.S. major told me. "It isn't every day you get to see a show like this—especially when our side is winning." We were standing on the deck of a patrol boat serving as the command vessel of a Vietnamese RAG (River Assault Group) unit in the Mekong Delta, watching the pyrotechnics of a multi-battalion action just across the river from us in Co Cong Province, about forty miles southwest of Saigon. It was the heaviest fighting that had taken place in the delta during this war, and our RAG had contributed substantially to what seemed would be its favorable outcome by transporting a battalion of Vietnamese Rangers and landing them unopposed in the enemy's rear. What we had witnessed was a series of spectacular air strikes with high explosive and napalm, followed by a kind of aerial charge of U.S. Army Cobras, which fired their rockets and strafed the Vietcong positions. Flying low over the trees, they covered an unusually daring helicopter evacuation of wounded from a momentarily encircled South Vietnamese battalion.

At the particular moment the U.S. major spoke to me, we were watching a splashy fire fight between three of our craft cruising in mid-channel a few hundred yards downriver and a Vietcong machine-gun nest on the opposite shore.

Opportunities for this type of war reporting have been getting progressively rarer since Vicksburg, and I tried to sound suitably enthusiastic about the spectacle. The whole operation was exceptionally lively and colorful, and I was, in fact, glad that I had not missed it—though there were several occasions later in the day when I wished briefly that I was not covering the fighting at quite such close range. All along, however, I felt that something was lacking in the experience, or at least in my response to it. There is nothing romantic about napalm, and quite a bit of napalm was being used in this battle.

FROM the purely personal viewpoint, the roots of my mild sense of disillusionment were easy to analyze. War, even as a spectator sport, is not recommended for the middle-aged; it always comes as a shock to discover in action how much one's joints have stiffened and one's incredulities have hardened. Perhaps also I was especially susceptible to disenchantment because I had come here expecting to witness a different kind of war. I had spent the last forty-eight hours with a group of United States Navy officers and enlisted men attached as advisers to the RAG. The river war, as these Americans knew it, was normally quieter, though a great deal more hazardous, than the large-scale amphibious operation into which I finally blundered, but it has an authentically romantic flavor of hero-

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ism, doom, and frustration that Conrad would have appreciated.

Ashore, these Americans lived in a small ingrown community of petty frictions and intricate loyalties. Afloat, their lives were in the hands of dashing but often feckless allies whose actions they could sometimes influence but never command, and whose erratic attitudes in regard to security made going out with them on any planned operation as perilously ambiguous as an expedition upcountry in Borneo with a Dyak war party. To develop the kind of personal relationship with their Vietnamese opposite numbers that might give weight to a tactful suggestion at some crucial moment, it was essential for the American RAG advisers never to pass up an opportunity to accompany them on their deadly, tedious, usually futile little missions, to go poking with them up murderously narrow bayous or canals in the dark, to wade ashore through the mangrove swamps up to their armpits in mud, to flounder through paddy fields studded with concealed pangyi stakes and claymore mines, to help them search through cunningly booby-trapped deserted villages.

The various craft, mostly of Second World War vintage, that transported the Americans and Vietnamese through the treacherous, watery maze of the delta on these missions had perhaps been well adapted to the requirements of insurgency warfare on the river as it had been fought ten years ago; they were fairly well protected against fire from anything except the recoilless 57-mm. and 75-mm. rifles that the Vietcong were now using more and more frequently, but they were horribly vulnerable to the powerful underwater mines that the enemy had recently started employing on a large scale.

Springing the Trap

One of the basic RAG missions is to choke off the flow of arms, supplies, and reinforcements from the delta to the Vietcong main-force units in other parts of Vietnam; the hope of accomplishing this task is perhaps the best justification for endangering American lives by attaching U.S. naval advisers to the RAG. Over the months they have built up detailed intelligence on the functioning of the Vietcong supply system into and through the delta. They are virtually certain, for example, that most of the heavy arms and munitions both for the North Vietnamese units based on Cambodian soil and for the Vietcong forces in the delta are carried in the holds of identified tramp freighters plying the Mekong, an international waterway; these freighters, however, fly neutral or friendly colors and for complex reasons of national policy or strategy Washington has not authorized our men to exploit their knowledge effectively. They can only stand by helplessly, realizing that each shipment undoes the meager results achieved through weeks of toil and hazard, and very possibly contains the ammunition that will soon earn them a posthumous Navy Cross. Naturally, such tragic impotence, though by no means unique in Vietnam, holds a kind of morbid fascination for the journalistic visitor, and perhaps even for the men who are its victims.

The RAG mission in the Co Cong operation that I found myself covering was atypical in that it was uncomplicated, only mildly dangerous, and productive of measurably useful results. A sizable band of Vietcong guerrillas had been spotted moving about in the area the day before, and for once the Vietnamese divisional and corps commanders responsible had adequate forces available to exploit the opportunity. Several battalions of South Vietnamese regulars or better than average Regional Force troops were already in position or could quickly be moved in by road to the north and west of the Vietcong concentration. The RAG landed a Vietnamese Ranger battalion, supported by a squadron of armored personnel carriers employed like tanks, that blocked the enemy's escape routes to the southeast. Our lightly armored but heavily gunned river flotilla cut off any hope of mass escape by sampan south and southwestward across the Mekong. An elite battalion of airborne Vietnamese Rangers was available as a strategic reserve; there was adequate artillery, an abundance of U.S. Army helicopters, including the formidably armed Cobras, and of course the ever-present fighter-bombers—U.S. Air Force and Navy jets, Vietnamese Air Force Skyraiders —with their gruesome loads of high explosive, phosphorus, and napalm. In all, the South Vietnamese had the equivalent of seven battalions to throw into the fight, the biggest force they have yet mustered for a single battle.

The Vietnamese, aided by their U.S. advisers, had done the lion's share of a remarkable job of staff work in mounting such a relatively

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large and complex operation in a matter of hours; it could hardly have been expected to go off like clockwork, but on the whole it went amazingly well. For once we were not merely reacting to a Vietcong attack but taking the initiative against the enemy on what was virtually his home territory and going after him in a determined, professional way. Elite American units like the 1st Air Cavalry, the Marines, and the 1st Infantry Division have been carrying the war to the enemy in this way for some time, but here the Vietnamese were doing it largely on their own. Even more remarkable, they were not getting massacred in the process. It is never easy to catch the Vietcong by surprise, but this time we had done it.

The importance of the surprise factor was made vivid to me when the RAG command vessel, which I had boarded with the U.S. Navy advisers and a U.S. Army liaison officer, started nosing along the bank looking for a place to beach the landing craft. I had imprudently stationed myself in the bow before I realized what we were going to do, and as we gently ran aground on the sloping shelf of mud that the ebbing tide was beginning to uncover, it occurred to me that the narrow fringe of marsh vegetation and stunted palms lining the river bank formed an impenetrable green wall in which a dozen Vietcong machine guns would have been completely invisible.

We repeated the operation a number of times at different points along the river; each time, the sweltering late-morning riverside hush was unbroken except for the song of the marsh birds or the fluttering of a startled egret. Once or twice a Vietnamese sailor leaped ashore to test the mud and a U.S. Navy petty officer in faded dungarees and a camouflaged jungle hat strolled forward and tossed out a colored smoke grenade to mark the spot for the landing craft. Nothing happened. Obviously there were no Vietcong outposts along the river for the time being. And obviously there would have been some Vietcong lurking in ambush—and perhaps some mines laid in the mud—if the Vietcong had known we were coming. The very haste with which the operation had been improvised had reduced the danger of tipping them off, and for once the Vietnamese had apparently been as businesslike in their security procedures as they had been in other aspects of their planning. It had been a typical RAG operation, as these were described by the Americans who habitually took part, in that it was a form of Russian roulette, demanding a lucid acceptance of the risk that someone among one's allies might prove treacherous or irresponsible. Winning such a gamble, as we had just done, gives a special sense of satisfaction, because ultimately it is a gamble on human decency and perfectibility.

But there were surprises in store for us as well as for the enemy. It proved impossible to put the landing craft ashore where planned, and they had to make a detour via a lateral canal that finally brought them into action several hours late. A more formidable but less unpleasant surprise was that the object of our attack, which had supposedly been a guerrilla band, turned out to be a main-force battalion, one of the most dreaded in the delta, reinforced with several hundred local guerrillas—a force of more than 1,000. Only a few minutes after the unit had been identified, a U.S. adviser with the attacking forces reported by radio the startling news that its commander and deputy commander had both been taken—whether dead or alive was not quite clear. It sounded like a rout. But an hour or two later we learned that one of our battalions was completely encircled by the Vietcong, who were themselves under attack on the flanks and rear. Precision air strikes along the perimeter of the beleaguered Vietnamese battalion and the belated, lumbering arrival of the landing craft finally broke up this writhing battle. From then on the outcome seemed unquestionable. "Victor Charlie hasn't got a chance," the U.S. major told me after analyzing the latest radio reports from the battlefield. "We'll keep him boxed in all night and tomorrow morning we'll finish him off."

Slipping the Noose

The flare planes were aloft all night and the intermittent fire fighting across the river seemed to indicate that the enemy was in fact hopelessly trapped. Yet when dawn came he had vanished. Once again, the Vietcong had slipped out of a seemingly certain trap.

On balance, there could be no dispute about who had won the fight. Our forces had killed—so the American advisers in the field estimated—

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some three hundred Vietcong, and captured a large number of weapons. They had found the battalion records intact and made one of the big intelligence hauls of the war. They had mauled one of the crack Vietcong units so badly that it might take weeks to build it back into an effective fighting force. Despite several hours of exceptionally ferocious combat, in which five U.S. advisers had been wounded, the Vietnamese themselves had suffered relatively few serious casualties. Their self-confidence was soaring. Victory on this scale was a new and promising development in the delta.

Inevitably, however, the Americans who had taken part in the planning or execution of the operation were disappointed that it had not ended in the annihilation of the trapped Vietcong. Heading back for our base up the river, I felt a strong sense of anticlimax myself and began to wonder gloomily how I could interpret what I had seen and heard during my thirty-six hours on the river boat. Above all, I wondered why our victory had been less than total.

"The Army has the bad habit of forgetting that there are such things as tides in a river like this," one of the U.S. naval advisers told me. "If they had cut the Navy in on the planning in time, we would have made them get started an hour or two earlier and then maybe we could have got those APC's ashore from the river. That might have made all the difference." The Army major was more philosophical. "It's just something in the Vietnamese makeup," he said. "They fight like lions for a time, but at the last moment they don't follow through. They go on until dark and then they tuck themselves in for the night without making sure they've blocked every way out. And when they wake up the enemy is gone. Maybe they like it better that way. They're too civilized in some respects."

An incommensurable factor that further complicated the evaluation of the Co Cong victory came to light in the evening of December 12, when we tied up at the RAG base in My Tho and learned of the massacre by the Vietcong of twenty-three unarmed workers on a governmental canal project. They had been killed the night before while asleep in the grounds of a Buddhist pagoda in the nearby village of Tan Huong. There is no way of knowing whether those twenty-three workers we had failed to protect weighed more or less heavily in the mind of the local population than the three hundred Vietcong we had slain in battle, or whether they tipped the scales toward revenge or toward paralyzing fear.

LOOKING BACK on the previous day's action, it seemed to me that one of its most significant incidents had occurred when the senior U.S. naval advisers had spotted a suspicious sampan slipping across the river behind us. He suggested to his counterpart that it be stopped and searched. The Vietnamese had not bothered to carry out the suggestion, and it turned out that the sampan had been transporting a Vietcong machine-gun crew and their weapon to the other shore. In itself this example of Vietnamese nonchalance and of a curious insensitivity to the unconventional in warfare—despite twenty years of insurgency and civil strife—did not seem very grave. What impressed me, rather, was the

light the affair reflected on the mind and character of the Vietcong. It was mid-afternoon, just after the river fight, when the weapon was transported. By that time whoever had taken the place of the slain or captured battalion commander knew that the battle was lost and that he would need all his cunning and all his luck to avert the annihilation of the Vietcong force. Yet he had been able to detach his thoughts for a moment from this anguishing situation to take advantage of an opportunity he had detected, not for improving his chances of escape, but simply for inflicting one more minor, peripheral hurt upon the enemy.

The temporary commander had noted that the U.S. helicopters evacuating the wounded from the battlefield were effectively protected in their immediate landings and take-offs by the Cobras hovering a few hundred yards above them and that thereafter they were shielded from hostile fire if they skimmed low over the river; they only began to take altitude when they were well across. If a .50-caliber machine gun were set up somehow on the other side, five hundred yards or so from the bank, and kept out of sight until an unsuspecting chopper pilot lifted himself above the trees, the chances of bringing him down would be excellent.

Perhaps one U.S. helicopter was all the Vietcong gunners could hope to bag, and the chances of being intercepted in crossing the river were serious. But the gun and the gunners would probably be lost anyway if they stayed where they were, and if the gun did get across, there would probably be one less helicopter and its crew in the skies of South Vietnam. And what kind of a warrior is it who does not seize every chance to destroy the enemy; to affirm, even in the moment of his own destruction, the implacability of his will?

That, no doubt, is how the temporary Vietcong battalion commander reasoned.

As a result, shortly before dusk a U.S. helicopter loaded with wounded Vietnamese soldiers had a miraculous escape just above our heads. Another result was that I spent the next thirty minutes alternately flinging myself into the armored mortar pit of the patrol boat as bursts of fire splattered in the water around us and poking up my head to watch the fiery tracers from our own gun skipping and bouncing across the paddy field toward a shadowy coconut grove where vicious little tongues of flame kept darting forth. The duel ceased after a while because there was no point in prolonging it. Presumably the Vietcong

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machine gunners picked up their weapon and carried it away to hide for another day. In the end they had accomplished nothing by their cunning and audacity, but they had tried their best.

The Vietcong never stop trying. When they know they are doomed themselves, they—or at least their commanders—try to kill as many of the enemy as they can before they are killed themselves. Unlike the South Vietnamese, when they have the enemy at their mercy they finish him off before they take their rest, and they fight with all their wits instead of by the book. Unlike some American leaders, they have no fear or shame of victory. Their aim is not to educate, but to destroy whoever and whatever opposes them. That is why even large and nearly complete victories will not suffice to win us the war in Vietnam. «»

Vietnam Diary

Notes from the journal

of a young American in Saigon

Fever pictures, from yesterday's bout with amoebic dysentery; today, in bed, I have the day off, first since I got here.

—18:30, walking home early from the Embassy (taking the afternoon off, we would say in the Pentagon); electricity is off, on the left side of the street; gas lamps and candles glow in the shops on the Tu Do. "Sorry, Out of Order," says a sign that is usually posted in the elevator window; "Sorry about that," someone has written in the corner of it. "That's the American slogan out here," says Jerry, an American who has joined the Vietnamese. "It got so popular that someone made up bush hats with 'Sorry about that' written around the brim." Funny, it doesn't sound American. "Now, if someone's buddy gets killed, you can't say 'Sorry about that,' because it's a joke." he says.

—"What's that?" I ask, first night in Saigon. "105's . . . about 5 kilometers," says the old hand. "What's the light on the horizon?" "Flares." Or sometimes, since it is the rainy season: "I think *that's* thunder," or "lightning." Yet the city is not under siege. Most of the artillery firing is unregistered, unobserved. On rooftop restaurants, the steady crump, crump of the firing is very plain, the flares in the distance are pretty—and the food in the restaurants is very good.

HARD to recapture, after three weeks, the trace of foreboding in moving through the streets and the crowds of Saigon, one's first night in Vietnam after a year of cable-reading in Washington. Which of the newsboys, the cyclo drivers, the soup peddlers is an enemy; why is the balloon seller crowding me? (Just recently, an American was asked to hold a long stick of balloons for a moment; they exploded.) Gradually, alertness is dulled; because nothing happens, because people are friendly, because the streets and even some faces become familiar. Yet there are reminders. A policeman hails a passing Vespa, makes the two boys dismount and searches them ("They often stop Vespas with an extra passenger," says my companion. "The boy in back could be ready to throw a grenade"); hidden behind a nearby tree, another policeman covers the first with a submachine gun.

Heavy cement posts, three feet thick, close the approaches to the Embassy, the Rex (officers' quarters), the Brink (enlisted quarters, blown up, Christmas Eve, 1964); barbed-wire barricades stand behind them, and MP's with shotguns check passes; before a car is let through the runway between the posts, the MP's pass large mirrors on the ends of poles under it, and check the trunk and under the hood. The windows of the Embassy, since the bombing, have been filled in with cement, except for slits of glass block and jutting air conditioners; the triangular front of the building looks like the prow of an armored ship.

—"90% of the men in this town are armed," says a secretary. Some exaggeration, but the incongruous everpresence of weapons does give this French city the look of a frontier town. "All weapons must be cleared before entering" say frequent door signs. At the cashier's desk at the entrance to the PX, a modern supermarket, is a jumble of of Swedish "K" submachine guns,

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Thompsons, grease guns, and carbines, dropped by the owners while they shop inside. Sidearms are as varied: .45's, snub-nosed .38's, huge Magnum six-shooters, back-pocket Browning .25-caliber "pistolets," all in a variety of regulation or quick-draw holsters. Leaving the hotel in the early morning, the next man in the elevator may be covered with grenades—fragmentation, concussion, white phosphorus—and a short-stock paratrooper's submachine gun, with extra clips fastened to it with heavy adhesive tape. A jeep is waiting to take him to an operation 15 kilometers out of town; he will come back to the hotel at night.

—In the paper this morning: a woman is stopped for identification by a policeman; she throws a grenade, kills the policeman and injures several passersby, escapes, firing a pistol, down an alley.

I LOVE the children of Vietnam. I have never seen any, anywhere in the world, so gay, so friendly, and funny. They all remind me of my own. Again and again, a crowd of kids sees us approaching, on foot or in a car, and explodes into a chant, almost in unison: "O*kay!* O*kay!* Hal*lo!* Hal*lo!* Number *One!*" They rush out with hysterical grins—and I remember my children running out to climb over me at the end of the day, and my heart turns over. In the hamlets, they want to hold your wrist, pluck the hair on your arms; if you try to catch them to lift them up, they dart just out of reach, till a brave one tries it, then they all want to be swung. "Chao anh" (Hello . . . to a child) brings thrilled looks, giggling consultation. In a village, a provincial capital, or a hamlet, the children follow you around like a cloud of birds; as you walk, talking to someone, little hands slip into yours; another hand may slap you impudently on the butt. "Look at this," says the USOM (AID) Province Rep in Chau Doc, arms full of little girls belonging to his cook and housekeeper. "And they tell you not to get involved."

Within a week, I know many Americans who are involved. Fanatics, mavericks, losers, non-team-players, fluent speakers of Vietnamese, old Vietnam hands who have hung on or gotten back (despite the warnings of the "career management" specialists in their bureaucracies) or have found a place on their own that keeps them in Vietnam. They are mostly distrusted or handled with great reserve by their organizations, because they care too much, because they fight the problem, because they are arrogant and contemptuous of the majority of uninvolved, not very highly motivated Americans who necessarily fill the ranks. More and more I come to suspect that these men are essential; that we simply cannot succeed without them. Which means that the system must somehow come to adapt to them, to learn to find them and place them and keep them and bear up to them. The system, as yet, is not geared to do that.

—The system tends to suspect that the man who seems to love Vietnam really loves Vietnamese girls. Plausible . . . yet, surprisingly, less truth to it than one would expect. For one thing, these dedicated men are great believers in (1) living out in the provinces, and (2) not getting mixed up with women in the provinces.

This makes much of their life quite austere.

"When I tried to extend the second time, you know what the personnel bastard said?" says the Special Forces captain who is in for the night from a western province, where he is running a special training program with the Hoa Hao. "He said, 'I guess you've got a Number 1 shack-up job'!" Great indignation followed by a rhetorical pause. At my look of reserve, suggesting I find this guess less than insulting, his friend elaborates: "Why, we spend two months in the provinces—we don't sleep with anybody in the provinces; it's deadly to your effectiveness." "That's a mistake," says Jerry, when I tell him how the fanatics have warned me off *liaisons* with *Vietnamiennes.* "You won't come to understand the Vietnamese that way, and they won't understand you. And do you know what you'd be missing?" (Certainly the bar girls in their white nurses' uniforms are the prettiest whores in the world.)

"I SPEND most of my off hours water-skiing," says the beautiful blonde secretary, "up the river at a Special Forces camp." The water in the Saigon River is *not* blue; and, "Aren't the VC on the other side of the river?" "Oh, yes, they shoot at you sometimes . . . but they're terrible shots; in fact, I don't think they're really trying to hit us. Of course, we quit when they start shooting. . . . Once these men on the other side of the river started firing with a machine gun; I don't think they were kidding that time." The thought of the Vietcong having a blonde American in a bikini, on water skis, as moving target to practice on is irresistible; she promises to make a date with me soon, so I can watch.

Inevitably, the secretaries here are something of a special breed. They come from tours in Berlin, Burma, and the Congo; they don't *look* all that different, but they *must* be; they seem to have no trouble adapting to the peculiar trials of living on a bulls-eye.

—The girls on the bicycles wear *ao-dais* ("ow-zai"), loose silk pajama trousers with long panels of silk fluttering down front and back, tight bodices; the rear panel butterflies behind them as they pedal. The girls in the bars wear *ao-dai* or white nurses' uniforms. They say: "You Number 1. You buy me whicky . . . I love you too much?" There are men who stand around and say, "You know, I don't think you see so many of them that are really beautiful." I think you do.

—Word from the provinces: a young provincial reporter for the Political Section, who speaks perfect Vietnamese, just escaped a mine this

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week; it was controlled by wire, and the VC set it off just too soon, stopping his jeep and spattering him with glass. The Province Rep in Han Nghia was missed for the fourth time last week, too; the jeep a hundred yards ahead of him was blown up by a mine. He has driven through three road ambushes, is sure he will leave this country alive. Others are not.

—The wives are gone, but the cooks and maids remain, and the large high-ceilinged houses and apartments, so the men of the Mission entertain each other well, with Vietnamese or French or Chinese food, depending on the cook, and liquor from Hong Kong. The generals have mansions. At a promotion party for two new brigadiers, I get out in a heavy rain and walk half a block, because the MP's won't let any taxis near; inside, a hundred men are drinking and eating hors d'oeuvres.

THE INCONGRUITIES of Saigon extend to the provinces. Cruising down the Bassac in Chau Doc Province, a few kilometers from the Cambodian border, our little motor launch fifty yards offshore, we get the welcome of a ticker-tape parade. My arm grows tired from waving, but the reaction is intoxicating—the people act as if we were liberating them. Girls poling sampans grin at us, unable to wave back; old ladies bathing by the shore, fishermen in their boats or drying nets, all smile and wave; whole villages of children rush to the water to cheer "Hallo! Okay!" or run beside us along the path. I feel like a railroad engineer. And when we walk through the jungle to a training area, a few hundred yards from a riverside hamlet, a cloud of children tags along happily; but the soldier walking with me grows very agitated, tapping my carbine. Finally I understand, I have not put a loaded magazine in the weapon.

Later, sailing back along a different branch of the Bassac, the same head-turning appreciation from the villagers along the way. The villages all lie along a path, fifteen kilometers long, from An Phou to Chau Doc; it occurs to me that it would be uniquely pleasant to walk that path and gather all this welcome in person, touch the children. "Can you walk along this path?" I ask the captain. "Well... with a squad, maybe."

—The captain is running a special motivational training program for Popular Force troops, the forgotten men who guard the villages and take most of the casualties. The training uses Vietcong methods: all day and all evening the men sit in small seminarlike groups and discuss problems of their lives, of Vietnam, of

their responsibilities to the people. The seminar leaders are dedicated, articulate; a third of them are Chieu Hoi *ralliés*, ex-Vietcong or Vietminh disillusioned with the party line but experts in this kind of discussion. In the evening I lie on the hard boards that serve as beds in our hut and listen to the seminar continuing, now among the cadre as they discuss the hard questions brought up during the day—the faults of Diem and the present régime, the worries about American presence, the reasons for correct behavior in the villages. I realize that what I am seeing in the candlelight is a Vietcong political discussion: the same faces (a third of them formerly VC), the same uniforms—peasant black pajamas—the same topics and self-criticism. It looks impressive—the faces are intent and alert, the discussion is animated and (translated for us) sharply focused—and it works; both sides, after all, are Vietnamese.

—On a plane to the seacoast: the countryside from Saigon to Vung Tau is a multicolored landscape. All the similes it evokes are artistic; the Saigon River curves with the broad swathes and sharp nodes of Miró figures, the flat, flooded ricefields stretch to the sea under a bland sky, all distant and flat and pretty as a Dali background (our helicopter is the fly in the foreground); the light shifts, the drenched land shimmers with the colors of an oil slick. VC land, all that.

JERRY is dead. He died, I learn one noon, in an Air Vietnam crash on a flight inspecting refugee camps. Cause undetermined (still); not the VC, yet the suddenness of his death slaps my head like a rake handle. I didn't know him well yet, but I wanted to; I'd been lucky so far, I've not had to get used to the deaths of friends.

—That night, a state dinner is called off and a group of us go to Arc-en-Ciel, a Chinese restaurant in Cholon. On the way two old-timers recall events in the buildings and streets we pass from '54, the days when Diem launched his campaign against the Binh Xuyen, the police gangsters who controlled opium, gambling, and vice in Cholon and the rest of Saigon; days when mortars and 105's were firing along these streets. As I turn to ask questions I'm tapped on the shoulder from the back seat: "Don't worry about talking now, you're sitting next to an open window . . . stay alert, keep your eyes outside. . . . I'm not kidding. The main thing is to be ready to jump out fast if you have to."

Inside the restaurant, the waiter seats us. "This is the same table where I ate with Jerry," I remark. "Are you superstitious?" That notion hadn't occurred to me. I answer "No" automatically; but when we move to an adjoining room because of the noise I'm just as glad.

—As I read these notes over, I realize the prevalence of images of danger is only partly due to the fact of danger here: also, it is because this aspect of things strikes a newcomer most and because the death of Jerry —whom I had just met, and whom I wanted for a friend—suddenly organized around itself a scattered, ominous collection of impressions. But I'm hopeful, desperately glad to be here. I expect to work here a long time.

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Our Merchant Marine in Trouble

REAR ADMIRAL JOHN D. HAYES (USN, Ret.)

SOON AFTER Congress reconvenes, it will be forced to give its attention to the long-neglected United States merchant marine. This quasi-public industry has been declining since the Second World War until today it carries only nine per cent of our extensive foreign trade, the lowest this figure has been in our history. Foreign ships have taken over so much of the business that their owners now consider they have proprietary rights, and in recent years more and more traffic has been lost to the cargo airplane. As an arm of our national defense its current status is not much better. A long strike of licensed officers last summer, the latest of two hundred maritime work stoppages since 1945, piled up supplies for Vietnam, underscored the vulnerability of our supply lines, and aroused demands for Congressional investigations.

To make the bad situation worse, no one can agree on what to do about it. The President, after calling for new studies of this much-studied industry, has been silent. So has the U.S. naval profession, whose traditional indifference to shipping has greatly contributed to the crisis. Maritime Administrator Nicholas Johnson, a young lawyer of no maritime background, whose uneasy job it is under the Secretary of Commerce to oversee this subsidized industry, has drawn the ire of both management and labor by his radical proposals. Two groups set up by the administration to study the problem have come up with opposing views. And on the sidelines, freely giving advice, are the shipping, shipbuilding, and maritime labor lobbies.

The divergent views of the two study groups reflect their origin. The government's Interagency Maritime Task Force, with Under Secretary of Commerce for Transportation Alan S. Boyd as chairman and Administrator Johnson a member ex officio, published its report last October. The IMTF, with its eye on the budget, proposed that national security needs alone should determine the extent of merchant-marine subsidies. It recommended progressive subsidy cutbacks that would get the United States out of the passenger business and would open the way to greater use of foreign shipping and shipbuilders. This report was summarily rejected by the Maritime Advisory Committee, a group composed of five labor members, five from management, and five representing the public. The MAC sees the problem as one of economic assistance to an industry faced with low-cost foreign competition. This committee was created by the President in 1964 to work out a settlement of maritime labor's picketing of wheat shipments to the Soviet Union, imposed because not enough U.S. ships were being made available to comply with the requirement that at least half of the shipments be in U.S. bottoms. This diverse group has yet to submit its recommendations, but subcommittee reports indicate that its proposals, which foresee a large shipbuilding program, would boost subsidies from the present $300 mil-

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lion per year to near $1 billion. Even some MAC members consider this unrealistic.

The Korean Lesson

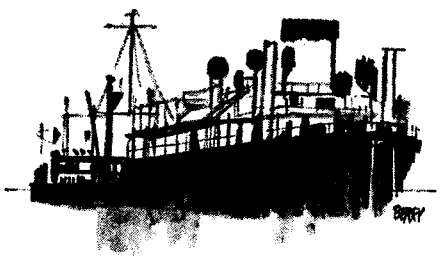
During the past year the merchant-marine situation has deteriorated rapidly. Requirements of the South Vietnam buildup are rapidly approaching those of the Korean War. It is always difficult to estimate shipping demands, but on the basis of the Korean experience, an educated guess is that five to six hundred ships will be needed to keep supplying our combat forces at the present level, provide for the native population, and build a port at Camranh Bay. If our forces are doubled this year, the need will be correspondingly greater, yet there are now fewer than nine hundred American-flag merchant ships in active service, only three hundred of which are useful for Vietnam service, and only 130 of the total have been built since 1945.

In contrast, during the Korean War our merchant marine had 3,400 relatively new ships, only about half of which were needed to carry the forty per cent of our foreign trade, plus Marshall Plan aid, then shipped in U.S. bottoms. There were plenty left over for military requirements. This merchant navy was in fact the only branch ready for a war in 1950, and its quiet, effective performance gave rise to the dangerous assumption by the Pentagon that the United States would have little trouble supplying limited wars overseas, an assumption that was never re-examined in the light of the increasing age and declining numbers of our merchant ships, both active and in reserve.

The only group of active ships presently available for supporting the Vietnam operation are the three hundred fixed-schedule freighters (as opposed to tramp freighters, tankers, and bulk carriers) engaged in foreign trade. The government has been supporting this fleet with subsidies and is authorized to take it over in an emergency. Last June fifty of these ships were taken over by the government on six-month charters during the officers' strike, and the contracts are expected to be renewed. But if many more of these ships were withdrawn from their regular routes for military purposes, vessels of the maritime nations, notably Great Britain, Norway, and Greece, would quickly move in to absorb this last vestige of foreign trade under our flag. The industry has not forgotten that it had 450 ships engaged in coastal commerce in 1941. After the government commandeered these ships at the outbreak of war, railroads and trucks took over their business, and today only forty run-down freighters remain in the coastal trade.

The alternative to using the subsidized fleet is the activation of the best ships in the reserve fleet, about three hundred of the Victory type built near the end of the Second World War. This is what the maritime unions and the shipbuilding industry are strongly urging. They have the support of Representative Edward A. Garmatz of Maryland, the new and articulate chairman of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, who is from the port city of Baltimore. Seventy-six of these ships are being reactivated at a cost of $400,000 each. For this money the country is getting second-rate ships, costly to operate and uncomfortable for their crews.

FOREIGN-FLAG ships are available in sufficient numbers. Most of them belong to European maritime countries, have been built within the past decade, and are fitted, as our



reserve ships are not, for support of present-day military operations. But if we depended on them we would pay heavily in charter rates, war-risk insurance, and crew bonuses. Far more significant, we would be denied the freedom of action that sea powers with merchant as well as combat navies possess when they are at war.

We dare not now blockade North Vietnam for fear of strained relations with the NATO allies on whose ships we already depend for so much of our foreign trade. Countries that make a living from the sea oppose restrictions of any sort on seaborne trade. British-flag ships from Hong Kong (most owned by Chinese) trade regularly with North Vietnam, and Greek, Norwegian, and Panamanian ships also visit Haiphong. During the Korean War, certain countries vetoed an economic and naval blockade of Communist China, even though they were our allies in the conflict and despite the fact, later confirmed in the MacArthur hearings, that the amount of supplies going to China by sea exceeded by sixty per cent what was estimated could be carried over the Trans-Siberian Railroad. And the example of Great Britain's reluctance to join in an economic blockade of Cuba should be fresh in American minds.

What if these NATO nations, reflecting policy differences over Vietnam, should deny us the use of their shipping? To avoid this showdown, it might be prudent now to purchase ships in the world's glutted market and to operate them under our own flag or flags of convenience, suspending our maritime laws as necessary for the purpose. These ships would later become much-needed accessories to our reserve fleet.

There is a historical precedent. When the First World War began, U.S.-flag shipping was in much the same sad condition that it is in now, with ninety per cent of our overseas trade being carried in foreign ships. Suddenly Germany's merchant fleet was swept from the seas, Great Britain's was withdrawn for the war, and neutral shipping, fearful of both belligerents, remained in port. The United States had products to sell and customers for them but no ships. Goods crowded ports, industry stalled, and unemployment mounted. The situation was saved by emergency legislation that suspended our restrictive maritime laws to enable American-owned ships under foreign registry to be brought under our flag.

An Outdated New Deal Legacy

Our lack of sufficient shipping to support the war in Vietnam can be attributed in part to the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, which still largely governs the industry. Its preamble

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says: "The United States should have a merchant marine capable of carrying a substantial portion of our foreign commerce and . . . of serving as a military and naval auxiliary in national emergency."

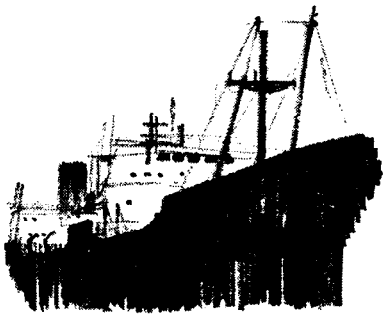
When the 1936 act was passed, this double task for the merchant marine was feasible. National shipping needs in war were military needs alone. Now they also include "urgent requirements of the civilian economy under conditions of emergency," as the Interagency Maritime Task Force report puts it. This means wartime imports of raw materials. In 1936, most resources required to conduct a war could be found within our own continental borders. Now two basic necessities of an industrial society, petroleum and iron ore, are being imported in increasing amounts. The Merchant Marine Act of 1936 made no provision for this condition, and today all but a small part of these two vital raw materials from overseas comes via foreign-flag ships.

To be sure, thirty per cent of these ships are American-owned. A Liberian or Panamanian flag flying from the stern of a giant tanker or bulk ore carrier is a common sight in U.S. ports. Chances are that she was built in Japan within the past five years, has an Italian crew, and is owned by one of the major oil, steel, or aluminum corporations, or a shipping company that serves them. She is as much a part of these basic industries as the processing plants or storage facilities to which she delivers her cargo. But to avoid U.S. taxes, high labor costs, and restrictive laws and remain competitive with foreign shipping, she flies the flag of a small non-maritime country. In the shipping community, these are called "flags of convenience."

The American-owned flag-of-convenience fleet, numbering about 450 ships (most of which are tankers or bulk carriers and hence not needed for Vietnam), is considered by the Navy Department to be under "effective U.S. control" because the owners have agreed with the Maritime Administration that their ships will be available in a national emergency. Some members of Congress doubt the validity of such a concept, and the maritime unions violently oppose the practice because they want their members to man these ships. The annual wage cost for a forty-two-man American tanker crew would be $612,000; for an Italian crew it is $236,000.

Effective control of flag-of-convenience ships is admittedly a fuzzy concept, but the owners claim that the only economic alternative would be to register them under a traditional maritime flag, with the consequent loss of whatever U.S. control the present system gives. For this reason, many in and out of government have recommended that the practice be left undisturbed. The Interagency Maritime Task Force evidently agrees, for its report does not mention flags of convenience. However, the public and labor members of the Maritime Advisory Committee appear to favor bringing these ships under our flag and subsidies, a costly procedure which the American taxpayer is not likely to accept.

THE Merchant Marine Act of 1936 is anachronistic in another respect. The preamble further reads: "This merchant marine should . . . [be] manned by trained, efficient U.S. citizens." This might have been possible during the Depression, but not now. The sea is a hard taskmaster, and few go to it to make a living who do not have to, least of all Americans of today. Union claims notwithstanding, it probably would be impossible to man the flag-of-convenience fleet with American crews. It is already proving difficult to find the men for the few additional ships of the Vietnam sealift. The shortages are most critical among licensed officers, especially engineers. More than 1,200 leave this profession annually, with only seven hundred replacements from all sources. One Federal and five state maritime academies are maintained to supply officer needs, but despite the high pay, few graduates choose a lifetime career at sea. The situation is somewhat better for unlicensed personnel, but little new blood has been infused into either group since the Second World War, so that the average age of our merchant seamen is between forty-five and fifty.



On the other hand, the sea traditionally gives escape and promise to men whose native lands offer them little. The high pay and improved working conditions won by the militant U.S. maritime unions have bettered the lot of seamen everywhere. Promising youths in many poor countries are therefore attracted to the maritime vocation, and American flag-of-convenience ships have no trouble getting good crews.

An alternative to the present impasse might be legalizing "effective U.S. control" by treaties with the nations of registry. In any case the problem has to be faced, for this segment of our shipping must grow as our economy demands more and more imported raw materials in the coming decades. As the world population increases, movements of grain will bring new trade patterns, with the United States and a few other areas doing most of the exporting. The sea movement of foodstuffs promises to have a profound social, economic, and strategic impact on international relations.

Air Freight vs. the Merchant Ship

U.S. shipping is made up of two segments: one private, composed primarily of tankers and bulk carriers transporting raw materials, the other subsidized, consisting of freighters carrying processed goods, both military and commercial. The subsidized segment, already plagued with many troubles, now faces a new threat in the American cargo airplane. Movement of freight by air is increasing at a rate of about fifty per cent each year. Already ten per cent by value of the cargo moving overseas out of New York is airborne.

It would be premature, however, to argue that the cargo aircraft can largely replace the merchant ship.

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It will be some time before costs make it feasible to transport low-value processed goods by air, and there is little point in speculating on when aircraft will replace ships as bulk carriers. In overseas transport the aircraft and the ship should supplement each other instead of competing.

Secretary McNamara may have at last recognized this, for he recently decided to put the Pentagon back into the cargo-ship business. On December 15, the Navy announced

plans to build twenty to forty vessels in U.S. shipyards by 1970. To be called the FDL (Fast Deployment Logistics) ship, it will be a seaborne counterpart of the giant C5A cargo aircraft for the job of transporting U.S. military power overseas. The FDLS, loaded with the heavy equipment that our ground forces require, are to be deployed about the periphery of Asia so that they can reach any troubled area in the shortest possible time while the troops will go in by air.

Secretary McNamara has reached this decision belatedly. In 1962 he said that the military could rely on air shipping and did not need any new transports, and as recently as 1964 he insisted that "the present merchant fleet reserve may be more than we need." Vietnam has taught the Secretary some maritime facts of life. It has been estimated that ninety-eight per cent of the cargo and two out of three combat men for the stepped-up Vietnam campaign have gone by ship. Overwater combat airlift so far has been limited to one battalion of Marines. Even the 173rd Airborne Brigade was transported from Okinawa to Saigon in LSTS. Last September, when hardly any ships were available on the West Coast, one had to be found for a priority sealift of air cargo backed up at Travis Air Force Base in California. Finally, the giant jet aircraft are voracious consumers of fuel, which must be transported to their overseas terminals for the return flight. Airlift will augment the shipping problem, not ease it.

THE GREATNESS of the United States in the coming decades may depend on how well the oceans are made to serve the American people, who know or care little about them. Our nation is no longer self-sufficient. The vital raw materials we no longer have at home must come across the seas. Back across them must go our exports and the aid we send abroad, as well as the supplies for our military. Coming and going, all but a small fraction is carried in the holds of merchant ships. If the United States is to remain the world's foremost nation, it must have a necessary measure of control over these ships. This is sea power, and we do not have it now.

America's maritime needs are twofold. The first is military—enough merchant ships, freighters, and tankers to support overseas combat operations, the only kind in which we have engaged in fifty years. A rough estimate of this requirement is one ship per thousand men. The C5A aircraft will not change this ratio, at least during the next decade.

The other cause for America's maritime plight is economic—the growing sea movement of bulk raw materials. At present, eighty-five per cent of U.S. foreign trade by volume is in this category, which can only be carried in ships. A conservative estimate by the Interagency Maritime Task Force is that our trade in dry bulk will triple by 1985. The United States is now the world's largest importer of iron ore and exporter of coal and grain. But not a single ocean-going dry bulk carrier has been constructed in this country in twenty years, nor is there a recently built one now under the American flag. We rank twelfth in shipbuilding, behind Spain and Poland.

Apart from the proposals put forward by the two groups in Washington, there are other short- and long-term measures worth considering. One emergency step would be to transfer the Maritime Administration from the Commerce Department to the Navy, putting the naval profession back into its primary business—wartime control and protection of shipping. This, of course, would be bitterly opposed by shipowners and the maritime unions.

Another Morrow Commission

A more promising approach to our complex maritime problem, I believe, would be to take it out of the hands of ineffective ad hoc groups and turn it over to a distinguished high-level commission, endowed with extraordinary investigative powers, whose recommendations Congress would not dare disregard. Its model could be the Morrow Commission of 1925, whose recommendations for aviation policy started the United States on a generation of world leadership in the air. That commission, appointed by President Coolidge, was headed by the banker, lawyer, and public servant Dwight W. Morrow and included men of outstanding reputation. It stemmed from public concern over the nation's air defenses aroused by Colonel "Billy" Mitchell, who charged the War and Navy Departments with "incompetency, criminal negligence, and treasonable administration" in aviation matters. Beginning in late September, 1925, the commission over a period of four weeks heard more than fifty witnesses, from Orville Wright to lieutenants in Army and Navy aviation as well as from Mitchell himself. Its report demanded that aviation matters and aviation personnel get more attention in the two armed services. It made recommendations which, soon enacted into law, resulted in vigorous growth for Army, Navy, and civilian aviation, and prepared them for their supreme tests in the Second World War.

America's air power began with the Morrow Commission. A comparable body could set the United States on a course which would eventually provide it with the true and integrated sea power that it needs but does not have today.

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The Limits of the U. N.

PHILIPPE BEN

LAST SEPTEMBER there was much jubilation in the green-glass skyscraper on New York's East River and among the numerous friends of the United Nations all over the world. The conflict over organization finances was shelved, if not entirely resolved, and the General Assembly session, which many had feared would never take place, could begin. A cease-fire in Kashmir had been effected in response to resolutions of the U.N. Security Council. The U.N. seemed to have regained its pristine glory; to have proved, against the opinion of the cynics and pessimists, that it was able to influence the course of events on the international arena and even to save the peace of the world.

Now the General Assembly is over. But about the only merit of the session was the proof it offered that the United Nations still functions. Its role in arranging an armistice on the Indian subcontinent—a shaky armistice that, according to some, was chiefly conditioned by the depletion of the combatants' meager military supplies—is no longer an important U.N. asset. For under its own resolutions, the Security Council is obliged, once the armistice and withdrawal of troops become fully effective, to begin a search for a political solution of the Kashmir dispute. And every diplomat at the U.N. knows that between Pakistan's claims and India's stubborn refusals, no peaceful solution is possible.

Moreover, since the Soviets will most certainly veto anything unacceptable to India, and France will probably not vote for anything more than an implementation of the existing U.N. decision, and the United States will avoid any stand that could be construed as either pro-Indian or pro-Pakistani, the prospects are that the Security Council will not only fail to devise a political solution tolerable to both parties but that it will be unable to arrive at any verdict at all. And thus the United Nations will be forced into another acknowledgment of impotence.

In recent months the U.N. had acquired a new importance in American eyes. Within its glass walls, so it was hoped, American-Soviet relations could be put on a "business as usual" basis despite the war in Vietnam and the steadily growing American involvement in it. American-Soviet agreement in voting the Security Council resolutions during the Kashmir conflict was balm for State Department officials. Some of them even envisioned a return to peaceful coexistence, to the good old days of the 1963 test-ban treaty. But American-Soviet agreement in the Security Council was short-lived. For although it is possible that the Soviet leaders would like to forget the war in Vietnam, they cannot afford to flout opinion within the Soviet sphere of influence, the international Communist movement, and even within Russia itself. And although it might be true that for both Moscow and Washington India is the most important Asian bulwark against Communist China, so long as American and Russian interests in Asia are not similar, their mutual interest in bolstering India is of little consequence.

THE India-Pakistan conflict, however, is not the only area where the United Nations has failed to devise an urgently required settlement. To many African nations, the measures with which the British hope to subdue the Rhodesian rebellion are completely inadequate and therefore unacceptable, and they have turned to the United Nations for much stronger measures, including economic and military sanctions. Yet there are neither the votes in the U.N. for such measures nor the means to implement them. Since the Africans would not vote simply to endorse British reprisals against independent Rhodesia and the United States and the Europeans would not vote for stronger retaliation, no "meaningful" action is possible. Thus on another crucial problem of world policy the United Nations is being forced into a posture of complete helplessness. And the Africans are understandably bitter that the world organization, which failed to help them fight the apartheid régime in South Africa and to free the Portuguese territories of Angola and Mozambique, will not act to prevent the establishment in Rhodesia of a second South Africa.

The only hope is that the mild British sanctions will succeed against the Rhodesian white-supremacist rebellion. Should they fail, U.N. prestige would once again be affected. this time even more disastrously: What kind of world organization is it that could not prevail against 180,000 sugar and tobacco farmers? What promise could it offer of solving the infinitely larger problems that loom so ominously from all corners of the world?

Unwanted Babies

The Rhodesian debate also brought into the open the suspicion among diplomats that both Britain and the U.S. often use the U.N. as a dumping ground for problems they themselves are not willing to handle, placing on its weak shoulders burdens that it is not equipped to bear. The French representative in the Security Council best expressed this attitude when he announced that France would abstain on any resolution concerning Rhodesia because, since the British describe events in Salisbury as a revolt against the crown, it is a purely British affair and not the business of the United Nations.

In the Quai d'Orsay this line of reasoning is heard in greater detail: The United States, so the argument runs, was afraid that the Russians would establish themselves in the Congo, but Washington didn't want to send American troops there, so it pushed the U.N. in, even though the world organization had no army and no money and was not created to wage war. In so doing, the Americans almost succeeded in wrecking the U.N., yet wanted the cost of U.N. troops to be borne by other nations. As for the British tactic: "We French didn't ask help from anybody—including the U.N.—when we decided to decolonize our empire. The U.N. is not a kind of social assistance where unwanted

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babies can be dumped. To behave like that is the surest way to destroy the organization."

This controversy is closely linked with the central deadlock that paralyzes the United Nations despite its present artificial atmosphere of normality—its unsolved financial and peace-keeping problems. Despite intentions to the contrary, the United States had done everything to permit the defaulting countries to persist in their refusal to help liquidate the $100-million U.N. deficit. Late in 1964, when the Russians were afraid that the United States would deprive them of their voting rights, they were quite willing to make "a substantial voluntary contribution" toward their arrears, though of course not the $60 million that they officially owe. By being tough at the beginning and soft later, the Americans missed this unique opportunity.

However, Washington seems to have learned nothing from that debacle. When the United States gave up its fight for the application of the famous Article 19 of the U.N. Charter to the defaulting nations last August, it added a sentence signifying that the United States could revert to this idea in the future, just as a child who has got the worst of a fight might warn, "I'll get you next time." This act provided the Soviets with an excellent excuse not to pay one kopek. But it is not only the past deficit that troubles the U.N.; every day the organization continues to operate, the deficit grows.

For many months Cyprus has been quiet, and there has been a good deal of grumbling that the U.N. is merely sending five thousand tourists to that sunny island to fill hotels that otherwise would stand empty. But recent incidents in Famagusta were proof that without the U.N. Blue Berets there would be not only a flare-up in the fighting between local Greeks and Turks but also the likelihood of a full-scale war between Cyprus and Greece on one side and Turkey on the other. And yet at the end of December the budget of the U.N. force in Cyprus showed a deficit of $7.3 million. The Security Council decision to extend the mandate of the force by another three months means that this deficit will get bigger. The voluntary contributors (of which the United States is the largest) are not particularly enthusiastic about increasing their share. And those who do not contribute, notably the Soviet Union and France, make it clear that they do not intend to begin. Nobody is willing to predict what will happen by the end of March, when the present mandate of the force expires.

The situation of other U.N. peace-keeping operations is no better, though these were financed by the organization's regular budget rather than by voluntary contributions. The future of the U.N. Emergency Force, stationed since early 1957 along the Israeli-Egyptian frontier at an annual cost of about $18 million, is at present very much in doubt. Russia, other Communist countries, and some Arab states have never contributed a cent to its expense (though France has always paid), making it a chronic built-in deficit in the U.N. budget. Recently the Secretariat tried in vain to persuade the United States, Britain, and Canada to increase their share in meeting this expense. When these three countries refused, a resolution was adopted by the Assembly to impose a twenty-five per cent surcharge on twenty-six of the richer countries. Already France has said it will not pay the surcharge, and the United States has made the payment dependent on Congressional approval, which may not be forthcoming. Yet a liquidation of UNEF could be followed by a renewal of the bloody incidents between Israel and Egypt that were such a threat to international security in the early 1950's. Even the costs incurred by U.N. observation of the cease-fire between India and Pakistan, a relatively small operation costing an estimated $1.6 million every three months, is disputed among the Big Four—the United States, Britain, the Soviet Union, and France.

DIPLOMATS recognize that although it may be decades before the U.N. can dream of helping to solve conflicts among the great powers, it can act meanwhile as a kind of fire brigade in disputes between small states, disputes that if left unattended could develop into major conflagrations. But because of the current deadlock about how such operations should be carried out and financed, it is highly unlikely that the organization would be able to act, even on a small scale, in a new emergency. And while there are those at the U.N. who proclaim that one of the most important tasks of the organization is to work out new rules of peace-keeping, the chances of this being done soon are nil.

Instead of clearing any of the stumbling blocks that prevent the U.N. from functioning normally, the General Assembly just ended succeeded only in adding a few more. The most striking example was the Assembly's ruling on December 20 that a simple majority was enough to carry a resolution calling for the removal of foreign bases from non-self-governing countries. The ruling was typical of a trend that developed among the Afro-Asian countries (with, in this instance, the support of the Communist countries) to impose a number of resolutions by a simple majority instead of by the two-thirds majority that had become established procedure over the twenty years of the U.N.'s existence. True, the Charter is vague on the size of majority required and the Assembly itself has the power to decide on the point, but should the Afro-Asians persist in this tactic, the effect can only be to weaken the U.N.'s prestige still further. Obviously no western country would relinquish its military bases in a non-self-governing territory merely because of a vote in the Assembly. Already there are too many resolutions duly voted by a two-thirds majority that remain unimplemented. The list would increase considerably if extravagant and unrealistic motions were to be pushed through by a simple majority.

In these circumstances, when the U.N. is beset by so many old and so few new troubles, the only way to preserve the organization so that in some distant future it may play the role for which it was created is to spare it as much as possible. We should not expect too much from it, nor let it bear burdens too heavy for it. We should not even allow ourselves to exaggerate its potentialities, its accomplishments, or its merits.

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Will Evolution Come to Arkansas?

TOM DEARMORE

WHAT IS PAST may be prologue in some places, but in Arkansas it often has a way of seeming like today's news. For example, while millions were watching *Inherit the Wind*, the recent television re-creation of Clarence Darrow's famous examination of William Jennings Bryan in the Dayton, Tennessee, "monkey trial" of 1925, Arkansans were just beginning a "live" version of their own Scopes episode.

Forty years later, Arkansas is one of three states that still have laws forbidding the teaching in the public schools of Darwin's theory of evolution (Tennessee and Mississippi are the other two). The statute has been on the books since 1928, when it was approved by an almost two-to-one margin in a statewide referendum. Since that time, teachers have largely ignored it, and with more or less complete impunity if only because the state would be forced to print its own textbooks if science subject matter were "purified" to meet the standards of religious fundamentalism. Nonetheless they are technically risking lawsuits that could result in fines and the loss of their jobs, and many have been troubled by the conflict between the law and professional integrity. More than that, the statute raises a serious question of state involvement in religion. The *Arkansas Gazette* of Little Rock calls the anti-evolution law "an exercise in theocracy" that is "morally degrading and intellectually scandalous . . . a monument to hypocrisy."

Until recently, the law has rarely been challenged. But on December 6, Mrs. Susan Epperson, a twenty-four-year-old tenth-grade biology teacher at Central High School in Little Rock, filed a suit in the Pulaski County Chancery Court requesting that the law be declared unconstitutional. She argues that it violates her right of free speech under the Fourteenth Amendment and that it "constitutes action by the state to enter the field of religion," which the First Amendment prohibits. As a biology teacher, she claims, it is her duty to explain Darwin's theories. "However, when I do this, I become an irresponsible citizen, a law violator, a criminal subject to fine and dismissal from my job. On the other hand, if I obey the law, I neglect the obligations of a responsible teacher of biology. This is the sure path to the perpetuation of ignorance, prejudice, and bigotry."

Mrs. Epperson has the backing of the Arkansas Education Association, and her suit was in fact filed at the suggestion of Forrest Rozzell, the organization's executive secretary. Rozzell had already been hammering at the anti-evolution law for some time, charging that its objective was to establish a governmental policy of "selective ignorance" and that "Silence coerced by law, the avowed purpose of this statute, is the argument of force in its worst form."

Fundamentalists have traded shot for shot with Rozzell. In November, the Arkansas Association of Missionary Baptists urged state and local authorities to enforce the letter of the anti-evolution law, (So far, no attempt at enforcement has been made.) Earlier, the Arkansas Baptist Bible Fellowship adopted a resolution opposing repeal and stating the belief "that man was created in the image of God by the direct and immediate act of God without process of evolution." The resolution further asserted that "The forces of communism, liberalism and modernism seek to undermine the historic faith of our fathers by fostering the theory of evolution." But the Arkansas Council of Churches, representing nine denominations with 275,000 members, has urged repeal.

Governor Orval Faubus, a Southern Baptist, is pledged to oppose any repeal attempt in the legislature. "The Bible says man was put on earth," he says. "That's good enough for me." He has also defended the anti-evolution law on the basis that it is "a safeguard to keep way-out teachers in line." Winthrop Rockefeller, Faubus's Republican opponent in the 1964 gubernatorial race and an avowed candidate in the 1966 election, replies that "Arkansas cannot afford to ignore centuries of scientific progress" and should not be the last state to jettison its anti-evolution code. He called Faubus's position another example of "mule-age philosophy."

Early last fall, Harry Pearson of the Pine Bluff *Commercial* contacted the original John Thomas Scopes at his home in Shreveport, Louisiana. Scopes, who is now sixty-five and a retired gas-company geologist, saw little hope that Arkansas will repeal the law. Even so, he believes that its citizens should fight to eliminate it. "You can't just lay down and go to sleep. . . . And it's a fight to *be*, to read and study and think, and to be able to say what you must say as a free man.... But it's damned near a lost cause." Perhaps Scopes had good reason for pessimism; for all the publicity of his trial and conviction—later reversed on a technicality—the Tennessee law still stands.

Mrs. Epperson, Rozzell, and Eugene Warren, the Education Association's attorney, have decided that their hope lies in the courts and not in the legislature, where the latest of several repeal bills was discreetly buried early last year. (It would take a two-thirds vote to kill the law, and in a legislature that is still rural-dominated, this is a practical impossibility.) There has never been a definitive Federal court test of the measure, and the Education Association believes that the present broadening judicial view of the Fourteenth and First Amendments may dispose of it once and for all.

But there is also a chance that the Arkansas Supreme Court, which in recent years has established a good record in civil-liberties cases, will strike down the law before it reaches a higher court. While the case may be hotly contested, we can hardly expect the serpent to crawl upon his belly again in the courtroom, or for the Earth to be created in seven days. Little Rock is no Dayton and Orval Eugene Faubus is no William Jennings Bryan.

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Japan's 'Non-Military' Buildup

ALBERT AXELBANK

EVER SINCE the Second World War, the Japanese military have represented the most faceless and voiceless element of a nation otherwise notable for its economic "miracles" and the volume of political noise it has produced in the streets of Tokyo and the chambers of the Diet. There are good reasons for this. The Japanese people have not forgotten the terrible price they paid in 1945 for the blunders and ambitions of their military leaders, and war as an instrument of national policy continues to be outlawed by their constitution. The Japanese military have no participation in government at the cabinet level. Instead of a Ministry of Defense, there is simply a Self-Defense Agency which controls a military establishment called the Self-Defense Forces. Nonetheless, in the last two years Japanese military leaders have begun to show signs of life, partly in response to the growing threat of China and partly because of directly related prodding from Washington. Apart from a modest and largely unsuccessful public-relations campaign, most of the evidence of their renewed activity has come from "top secret" defense studies that have found their way into the public domain. Although these can by no means be taken as a reflection of government policy, they clearly reveal the drift of Japanese military thinking in the context of the U.S.-Japanese Mutual Cooperation and Security Treaty and the mounting Communist challenge in the Far East.

The latest of these defense studies, code-named Toburyu, or Flying Dragon, was acknowledged by an embarrassed government last October 20 after its gist was "leaked" to opposition Socialist members of the Diet. The Socialists branded it a war plan, inasmuch as it envisages a war between the United States and Communist China and also mentions Japan's involvement in such a war. The government denied this, saying that Flying Dragon was merely "an exchange of memorandums between Japan and the United States."

Flying Dragon hypothesizes a second Korean conflict in which Chinese Communist troops again clash with American G.I.s. Since Japan is allied with the United States under the Treaty of Mutual Cooperation and Security, and since U.S. warplanes would, as predicated in the study plan, utilize Japanese bases in attacking targets in Communist China and North Korea, the Japanese homeland would be subject to retaliatory strikes.

THE POSSIBILITY of a Sino-Japanese military confrontation erupting as a consequence of a flare-up between Washington and Peking is now being actively deliberated in Japan, to the dismay of many Japanese liberals and left-wingers who desire a rapprochement between Tokyo and Peking. But the government's concern is not entirely baseless. As an editorial in the *Japan Times* put it: "The close proximity

of the Chinese mainland to Japanese shores . . . must be considered as a factor likely to threaten, in a special manner, this country if Communist China became involved in an armed conflict with another nation." Indeed, Premier Eisaku Sato told the Diet in late November that the Peking régime "is threat enough without being armed with nuclear weapons. This threat to Japan's security is real, now that China is a nuclear power." It was the strongest expression of alarm about Communist China yet voiced by the Japanese government.

Although the Soviet Union was omitted from the "enemy" list in Flying Dragon, it was cited, along with Communist China and North Korea, as a potential foe in an earlier and more comprehensive defense study called Mitsuya, or Three Arrows. (Russia is the only one of the three Asian Communist nations with which Japan maintains diplomatic ties.) Three Arrows, which was acknowledged by the Self-Defense Agency early in 1965 after significant portions of it were made public by the Socialists, provides for the "emergency" dispatch of Japanese troops to South Korea in the event of a new invasion by the Communists coupled with a simultaneous attack against Japan.

Not surprisingly, military planners in Japan have already projected the nation's primary "defense line" far beyond its territorial limits, to the 38th parallel. The "absolute necessity" of preserving an anti-Communist régime in South Korea to balk possible Red aggression—direct or indirect—via the Korean Peninsula is a prevailing theme of recent pronouncements and writings by high-ranking military men of the Defense Agency, military-affairs analysts, and an occasional political leader.

General Seiichi Yoshie, a senior member of the Joint Staff Council of the Self-Defense Agency, explored this theme in commenting on the Tokyo-Seoul "normalization" treaty, which Japan ratified on December 11: "An accurate understanding of the Republic of Korea's military strength against North Korea" he said, "will not only be greatly helpful for the defense of Japan but will also be very meaningful in pushing forward more closely and effectively the defense of the whole free world." The government itself has made it clear that the status quo in Korea is of great importance to Japan's "national interests." Thus, in 1964, the Cabinet Investigation Agency, which among many other functions is responsible for probing into Communist affairs within and without the country, declared that the reunification of Korea was "undesirable."

Banning the Ban?

Predictably, the conclusion of the ROK-Japan treaty aroused the suspicions of the Socialist and Communist Parties in Japan and a large segment of the nation's intelligentsia. They see the treaty's vaguely worded preamble, calling for joint efforts

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to safeguard international peace and security, as an opening wedge for combined military ventures with South Korea. Moreover, the leftist opposition charges that the pact was "American-inspired" and aims at implementation of a Tokyo-Washington-Seoul-Taipei "anti-Communist axis," or, as it is also labeled, a Northeast Asia Treaty Organization.

The Three Arrows study, a 1,400-page document that was reportedly started in 1963 by a group of eighty senior officers of the Self-Defense Agency, also covers the controversial problem of nuclear weapons and their relationship to Japan's security.

According to the study, the entry of nuclear weapons into Japan is a "natural occurrence" and should be "approved." Although Japanese military men argue that a "first-class power" must possess nuclear arms, they also recognize that they must reckon with a largely pacifist population. Since the mere mention of nuclear arms evokes an understandable emotion, successive postwar Japanese governments have striven to avoid the problem.

Of course the present "peace" constitution, with its famous Article 9 outlawing war as an instrument of national policy, is a formidable obstacle to Japan's acquisition of nuclear arms. This provision is a leading reason for the government's having advocated constitutional revision, including repeal of Article 9.

Prominent Japanese officials have already stated their pro-nuclear views. For example, Kiichi Saeki, former chief of the Defense Staff College, said: "Japan's independent nuclear armament may become one of the logical countermeasures in the face of intensive Chinese Communist nuclearization." An even more categorical statement was uttered by Premier Sato's predecessor, the late Hayato Ikeda, who asserted in the Diet in mid-1964: "Since the constitution does not deny Japan's possession of the right of self-defense, it is legally allowed for Japan to arm the Self-Defense Forces with nuclear weapons." However, mindful of the constitutional controversy and of the public's hatred of nuclear weapons, Ikeda said he opposed their actual introduction on Japanese soil.

The present position of the Japanese government is that the nation's security from outside aggression is "fully guaranteed" by America's powerful nuclear deterrent in the Pacific. Thus there is very little demand by the Self-Defense Forces for a rapid acquisition of nuclear weapons, an event that experts believe could occur within three years, thanks to Japan's advanced technology and steady progress in building nuclear power plants. In the meantime, officials of both the U.S. and Japanese governments have disclosed that they will consult closely on "nuclear issues" of mutual interest.

PERHAPS the most contentious item in Three Arrows is a provision for "wartime mobilization," including the clamping of tight military controls over Diet, press, unions, industry, and agriculture. The Self-Defense Agency is even seeking to put theory into practice: recently it announced that it was preparing "wartime laws and ordinances" for submission to the Diet.

There have been other occurrences that point to the military's expanded interest in politics. For instance, in a speech that General Ichiji Sugita delivered when he was chief of staff of the Ground Self-Defense Force, he excoriated the "enemies" of the Self-Defense Forces. These were, he said, "part of the mass communications media, the Japan Socialist Party, the Communist Party, the Japan Teachers' Union, and Sohyo" (the General Council of Japanese Trade Unions). Because of such utterances, even conservative-minded citizens have expressed fears of military meddling in politics.

In Japanese military thinking, the Japan-U.S. Security Treaty plays a vital part in protecting Japan. The Japanese government and the ruling Liberal-Democratic Party hope to avert a serious collision with the leftists who promise to wage massive rallies against the treaty in 1970, when it can expire if either side wishes. The Japanese government still strongly favors its extension. Indeed, the "Security Research Council" of the Liberal-Democrats recently stated that "Our party and our country will be fighting a life-and-death struggle to maintain the U.S.-Japan security system."

1970 will be even more critical because it is the year in which the Socialists plan to mount a major drive to take over the government. (At present, they control less than a third of the seats in the upper and lower houses of the Diet.) Under a Socialist administration, Japan's foreign policy would change from pro-Americanism to neutrality, swinging Japan closer to Peking's orbit in the process. Socialist policy calls for the abolishing of the Self-Defense Forces, as well as all American bases in Japan, and the party would do its utmost to pressure the United States into vacating its Okinawan bastion, over which Japan holds "residual sovereignty."

Despite the Japanese government's endorsement of the Security Treaty, many Japanese, including administration officials and members of the Self-Defense Agency, seek to dimin-

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ish Japan's military dependence on the United States, which maintains some 150 bases and other installations and about fifty thousand military personnel in Japan. Actually, the U.S. government is prodding Japan to undertake a greater share of its own defense. But Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara surprised many Japanese when he indicated that Japan had a "larger" defense role in the Far East than just the security of its own territory. Communist China, McNamara said pointedly, poses a "threat" to every nation in the Orient. *Asahi Shimbun,* the largest newspaper in Japan, retorted: "It is quite extraordinary that a U.S. leader should stress Japan's defense role as nakedly as this."

The Buildup

To attain "independence," the Self-Defense Forces are being systematically modernized and strengthened. Joint exercises are being held annually with U.S. forces. The chief objectives of these exercises are said to be (1) training in early-warning systems and interception of intruding aircraft and (2) aerial combat and the defense of bases.

Currently there are about 250,000 men in the Self-Defense Forces, plus some 22,000 in a reserve force. The navy, or Maritime Self-Defense Force, consists of approximately 480 craft with a total displacement of 135,000 tons, including seven submarines—four of them domestically built—and eight destroyers (another eight are scheduled to be constructed by the end of 1968). One of these destroyers, already on duty, is the locally built *Amatsukaze,* with Tartar surface-to-air missiles. There are 1,160 planes in Japan's "air force," about half of them jet-powered, including several squadrons of supersonic F-104 Starfighters. Moreover, there are plans to replace the F-104 with the Phantom F-4, the F-111, or the YF-12A.

The Self-Defense Forces, many of whose senior officers are veterans of the imperial armed forces, possess Hawk and Nike missiles, and additional missile battalions are projected for the "Third Defense Buildup" during the fiscal years 1967-1971; missile units and anti-submarine warfare will also be emphasized. In addition, experiments are being carried out with Japanese-developed anti-tank missiles, torpedoes, and short-range rockets.

Evidently the old imperial military traditions and prewar military strategy were in the minds of the officers who prepared the Flying Dragon and Three Arrows studies. In fact, Yozo Kato, a former director-general of the Self-Defense Agency, admitted that segments of Three Arrows bear a resemblance to the Tojo government's "Basic Principles for the Empire's National Policies." According to the financial daily *Nihon Keizai Shimbun,* the "Basic Principles" are actually cited in Three Arrows, with the notation that "they provide good introductory remarks."

The United States, which played an important role in helping to shape the no-war constitution, keeps in close contact with Japan's still limited military effort, and is solidly behind the present accelerated buildup of the Self-Defense Forces, which were also "reborn" under U.S. tutelage.

France's Changing Policy In Africa

PHILIPPE DECRAENE

PARIS

DURING the election campaign last month, one of the most popular themes of President de Gaulle's right-wing rival, Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour, was his attack on government aid to former French colonies in Black Africa. He was able to rouse the most unenthusiastic audience to cheers by contrasting this supposed largesse with the austerity of French rural life: "Which would you rather have," he asked again and again, "a new water supply system for a French town, or one for Niamey, the capital of Niger?"

Officially, the planners of French policy in Africa have denied the existence of this sentiment—called

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"Cartierisme," after Raymond Cartier, the *Paris-Match* columist, who was one of the first to criticize France's program of assistance to Africa. Various polls conducted for the benefit of the Ministry of Cooperation have been cited as proving that the overwhelming majority of citizens support aid to the former overseas territories, and the Minister himself has often defended the program in public. Nevertheless, the government's defensive statements are definitely out of step with a new trend that has become apparent in France's policy in Africa south of the Sahara.

FRANCE is not reneging on its long-standing African responsibilities. Too many economic, political, psychological, and even sentimental reasons prevent it from officially disengaging itself from its former colonies. Moreover, France's dynamic assistance to the uncommitted nations helps it to maintain its position as one of the great powers. Government circles, however, are not wholly indifferent to the obvious inroads the "Cartierist" doctrine has made, particularly among the rural French, and they are aware that it is bound to make further headway. France has gradually reduced its aid to its former African territories every year from about $650 million in 1963 to a proposed $210 million in 1966. It argues that military reconversion, commitments to the European Economic Community's fund for assistance to underdeveloped nations, and the extension of French influence to new areas in Africa and elsewhere must take precedence to conform with the nation's changing worldwide political interests. Not only is the amount of aid being gradually reduced but the kind of aid is shifting from administrative and military to technical and cultural.

For many months France has been thoroughly reorganizing its armed forces. The redeployment plan of the French Military Forces Organization Overseas announced in October, 1964, by Defense Minister Pierre Messmer has already resulted in important economies. This inevitably has had repercussions in Africa, where much of the army was stationed during the colonial era. In less than a year, France has withdrawn three-quarters of its military personnel in Africa. The number of officers, noncommissioned officers, and men of the army, air force, and navy for the whole of the former French African states and the Malagasy Republic (Madagascar) was reduced from 27,800 in October, 1964, to 6,000 by last July.

This abrupt reduction was bound to disturb African heads of state. Since President Sylvanus Olympio of Togo was assassinated by mutinous native noncommissioned officers in January, 1963, several leaders of countries south of the Sahara have feared that the Togolese example might be catching. On each of the regular private visits made to Paris since then by Presidents of French-speaking African republics, President de Gaulle has been made aware of the African concern over the "military vacuum" created by the departure of French forces. De Gaulle has not changed his plans, however. He has justified his stand to his visitors from Africa on the basis that after five or more years of independence the former colonies are entering into new relationships with France and that defense is one of the essential prerogatives of independent states.

France considers that the new national armies are now strong enough to maintain or restore order whenever necessary without resorting to outside help. This was proved, government officials here say, by the way local forces put down riots in Brazzaville in February, 1964, when supporters of Abbé Fulbert Youlou, the former President of the Congo Republic, demonstrated against Alphonse Massamba-Debat's government, and in March of the same year when disturbances were fomented in Dahomey on behalf of former President Hubert Maga. Even in the case of Gabon, where in February, 1964, officers of the national army attempted a coup that was put down with the help of French troops flown from neighboring former French colonies, the speed with which President Léon Mba was reinstated proved that the French military need not be stationed in a new nation in order to be effective there. France has retained only a few footholds in sub-Saharan Africa near large airfields and seaports, to which elements of the 11th Infantry Division, with special training in foreign "brushfire" operations, can be rushed from France in emergencies. The three pivotal bases are Dakar in Senegal, Fort-Lamy in Chad, and Diégo-Suarez in Malagasy.

Still, the thoroughgoing reorganization of French military deployment in Africa has had some serious economic repercussions in several countries, notably Senegal and Dahomey. President Léopold Sédar Senghor of Senegal protested that the closing of French bases in the Cap-Vert Peninsula would deprive the country of several million francs in local currency. The local labor market and retail trade are suffering from the departure of the French military and their families, and the demobilization of African soldiers in the French Army has placed a burden on countries that cannot find immediate employment for them. Despite these drawbacks, Paris has insisted that the operation proceed without delay and has stressed that the new measures will mean a healthy turn to reality "because it is not good for a nation to base its economy on the presence of foreign troops on its territory."

Broader Designs

De Gaulle's difficulties with his five Common Market partners have not prevented his government from emphasizing in recent months the importance to Africa of its commitments to the European Economic Community. The heads of the French-speaking African states are constantly reminded that French producers have promised to align the prices of agricultural products and manufactured goods with those of similar products from the Benelux countries, West Germany, and Italy. This presents an awkward situation for the young African economies.

For example, Senegal's peanut exports may be jeopardized by the gradual withdrawal of the French subsidy that enabled the Senegalese to sell their peanut oil at prices above the prevailing world market quotations. Banana exporters from Cameroon and the Ivory Coast have had their share of the French market reduced to one-third of the total, the remainder being earmarked for planters from the French overseas de-

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partments such as Martinique and Guadeloupe.

The most interesting aspect of the changing Gaullist policy in Africa, however, is its new global perspective. De Gaulle has been disappointed by the crumbling of the French Community—France's union with its former territories in Africa—which he established in September, 1958, with himself as President. Guinea chose independence and refused to join, and Mali, the Ivory Coast, and Upper Volta left the Community in 1960 when they became independent. Nevertheless, de Gaulle firmly believes that France still has an African mission. This is one of the reasons why the former French West African and French Equatorial African states that are still members of the Community are being given relatively greater financial aid than those of any other area, and their relationships with France are still governed by the co-operation agreements. (Algeria receives more aid than any other nation, but as a group the sub-Saharan African countries receive the largest portion of the total.)

The fact that independence has lessened the importance of the Community has been a factor in turning de Gaulle's attention to wider horizons, especially among the uncommitted nations. His trip to Latin America and a number of countries outside the traditional French sphere of influence are examples of this trend in de Gaulle's policy. Whereas in 1958 he was concerned with a purely French-speaking African confederation, he now has broader designs.

These designs include the expansion of French influence on the African continent itself. France has launched an intensive diplomatic and economic drive in Rwanda, Burundi, and a number of non-French-speaking nations. Within the past few months, ministers of Kenya, Tanzania, and Malawi have come to Paris. The visit of Tom Mboya, Kenya's Minister for Economy and Planning, and Joseph Murumbi, its Minister for Foreign Affairs, received little attention from the press, but it was indicative of French diplomacy's new orientation.

When the British East African colonies became independent, the French government's full attention was centered on the French Community, or what remained of it. But now that some co-operation is beginning between French- and English-speaking African nations within Pan-African groups like the Organization of African Unity, France is increasing its contacts in the region.

It has taken French management, still shackled by traditional thinking, several years to discover that the English-speaking East African countries are a richer market than the whole of French-speaking West Africa. French exporters have also belatedly discovered that only Malawi and Zambia still give preferential treatment to the Commonwealth, and that French products can compete freely with the British in Kenya, Uganda, and Tanzania.

African Explorers

Early last year, the French Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Michel Habib-Deloncle, headed an exploratory mission to East Africa. Almost at the same time, Kenya and Malawi expressed a wish to co-operate with France and began by requesting assistance in the teaching of French. Since this would help bridge the gap of linguistic divisions carried over from the colonial past, it was welcomed in the Elysée. By February, French professors trained in the newest audiovisual methods were dispatched to Malawi.

The current rapprochement between the East African English-speaking countries and France is motivated mainly by political considerations. In Kenya, for instance, where Joseph Murumbi has become the most outspoken advocate of this line, France's policy of absolute noninterference in the quarrels of the former Belgian Congo has won it wide approval. Kenyan political leaders particularly appreciate it, since the Council of Foreign Ministers of the Organization of African Unity had entrusted them with the impossible task of mediating between a Congolese rebellion divided against itself and the government in Léopoldville.

A further innovation has been the sending of an impressive French economic mission to Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania, Zambia, and Malawi. It was set up by the National Center for Foreign Trade and the French National Management Center, two bodies representative of French business circles; the current trip is designed to find outlets for French industry, some sectors of which are showing signs of stress.

The French economic mission's reports will provide the basis for a decision on whether de Gaulle's political policy of building French prestige in the whole continent should now be accompanied by an economic drive to win new markets for France. In any event it appears that the trip will prove that the East African countries are no longer a private preserve of British industry to the extent that the French-speaking African countries—from Nouakchott in Mauretania all the way down to Brazzaville in the former French Congo—still are for French exporters. By the mere fact that it is dealing with formerly British-dominated countries, France has loosened further the ties it once had with its own former territories.

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The Road to Santiago

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

FOR CENTURIES there were miracles and apparitions to be seen at every turn of the pilgrim's road to Santiago in northwestern Spain: one could meet angels, beggars, kings, and status seekers—the Plantagenet Edward I on horseback, St. Francis of Assisi walking barefoot, and a certain Flemish wayfarer who is said to have carried a mermaid with him in a tub. In 1965 the ancient road was refurbished for modern pilgrims, and the miracle is that so little has changed since the Middle Ages, that this is still one of the most beautiful journeys in all Christendom.

The so-called Camino de Santiago enters Spain in the high Pyrenees, at that watershed of history called Roncesvalles, where I stood on Charlemagne's battlefield and watched the clouds come rolling in below my feet, blotting out the last echoes of Roland's horn as well as the forest of telephone poles that have replaced the lances of the lost rear guard (it was neither the first nor the last rear guard to discover that its function was to be wiped out). From the high point the road winds across nearly five hundred miles of unforgettable Spanish countryside to the city of Santiago de Compostela (the "well-composed") close to the western edge of the continent.

According to the old chronicles, this was where the bones of St. James were discovered early in the ninth century by a local bishop who saw light coming from the ground and a star pointing to the spot where the apostle lay buried. It is said, too, that his body had made the long journey from Palestine through the straits of the Mediterranean and up the Portuguese coast in a mysterious stone vessel that came to rest on the Galician shore and was drawn inland by the draft oxen of a pagan queen. Having found a resting place at Compostela, St. James appeared to King Ramiro I of León on the eve of a great battle with the Moors, saying: "Know ye that Jesus Christ gave to all the apostles, my brethren, all the other provinces of this earth, but to me alone he gave Spain, to guard and protect it from the enemies of the Faith, and so that ye will not doubt my words, ye will see me lead the battle on a white horse, with a white banner, and in my hand a shining great sword. . . ." He was as good as his word, and the Christian army promptly conquered the Moors to the battle cry of *¡Dios Ayuda et Sant Yague!* just as the saint had directed.

When news of his whereabouts reached the rest of Europe, thousands of foreign pilgrims began converging on the cathedral that was built over his tomb, after Rome the holiest place in Europe. It was a spot so sacred that it was "honored by miracles never ceasing, and with a plenty of candles from Heaven that burn day and night, and godly Angels who serve without end." At the beginning of the eleventh century a progressive-minded King of Navarre built a new road from the French border—Roncesvalles to Pamplona, Logroño, Burgos, León, and points west. Several competing monastic orders, notably the Benedictines of Cluny, established hospices and priories along this "French Road." Some of their more elaborate establishments had facilities for a thousand guests, and traffic along the camino must have reached formidable proportions during the height of the pilgrim season. They came, led by their dukes and bishops, from France, England, and Germany; from Italy, the Lowlands, and the Balkans. Inevitably there were a certain number of camp followers "having neither office nor profession," and these were accused of bringing the pox to Santiago. But despite the many hazards it was considered *de rigueur* to make the journey. As Dante says in *La Vita Nuova*, "He is no pilgrim who does not make his way to the tomb of St. James and return therefrom."

THE CAMINO is like a heartline traced across the palm of Spain. It traverses the austere northern regions rarely visited by tourists, where winters are harsh and the cities are still stamped with the siege mentality of the Middle Ages. People along the way were not always as hospitable to strangers as I found them to be. The twelfth-century monk Aymeric Picaud, who wrote the first guidebook to the Jacobean Way—and whose impressions, in a modern edition, I enjoyed comparing with my own—warns his readers against a dozen kinds of evil that can befall the unwary pilgrim on the long journey from France. Insects are annoying, highwaymen will murder anyone for a sou, river waters turn out to be unfit to drink, and one must be on the lookout for crooked toll collectors and treacherous ferrymen. "Often the boatmen load so many,

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in order to collect more money, that the boat turns over and spills the pilgrims into the water. Whereupon the boatmen take malicious pleasure in despoiling the dead."

Describing the country around Burgos, Picaud observes that "The land is full of treasures, abundant in gold, silver, cloth and extremely strong horses; it is fertile with bread, meat, fishes, milk and honey in abundance. But it lacks trees and is full of bad and vicious people." Sometimes only a miracle can save a pilgrim from the perils of this road. In 1175 the Countess Sophia of Holland, who demonstrated her devotion to the saint by walking barefoot half a league each day, was attacked by a band of robbers; they stabbed her repeatedly, but without inflicting so much as a scratch. As the bandits sank to their knees in wonderment and chagrin, Sophia displayed the smooth ivory skin of her décolletage as proof that steel is powerless against virtue. There is probably an equally Freudian basis to the legend of the persistent French lady Rusinda, who set out for Santiago in the company of her lover, Alberigo de Canogio. Seeing him killed in a wayside contretemps, she possessed herself of his corpse (like the memorable Princess Belgiojoso in Delacroix's Paris) and calmly continued on to Compostela. But gradually, as law and order were established in the west, the route lost its terrors. Roads were paved, there were comfortable inns every league of the way, and the monastery hospices assured all pilgrims of a warm reception. "On the doorstep bread is offered to all who pass; they have their hair cut, they are shaved, patched and cared for if ill." Even today, as I found in the villages along the camino, the name Santiago opens all doors and loosens all tongues.

I TRAVELED along the camino with a portable tape recorder. I found, unfortunately, that most of the authentic folk music of Spain has vanished from the scene since the coming of schools and radios: literacy and the transistor are the two great enemies of oral tradition. Yet some isolated pockets of ancient music survive along the more remote stretches of the road, and I was lucky enough to hear a few peasants in the fields singing the old reaping and threshing songs. The oldest songs are easy to recognize: their melodies are modal and austere, very much like the old Scottish or Appalachian ballads. The shepherds of Navarra, near Roncesvalles, play modal tunes because their flutes are pitched that way, and so do the knife grinders of Galicia, who advertise their services on a panpipe tuned to a Greek scale. A Castilian wheat farmer in his seventies sang for me a modal harvesting song that must have been new in Columbus's day. "The land is poor and the crop is bad and we have nothing to sing about," his daughter complained, but the old man went on singing anyway, an endless chant about sailors and kings and how we shall all be equal in the grave. In this same region ten or fifteen years ago you might have

heard them all singing in the fields, but now the old farmers beg off, saying they have lost their voices, and the young people give the excuse that they have never learned the "grandfather" songs—too complicated to remember, compared to the ballads that reach them via transistor from Paris, Broadway, and Liverpool.

The last enduring strongholds of the old Spanish musical tradition are the nunneries and monasteries. At the royal abbey of Las Huelgas in Burgos you can attend vespers in the visitors' chapel and hear an invisible choir of a dozen perfectly trained young nuns chanting their Gregorian hymns as though with a single breath—one of the most ethereal sounds in all music. Further south, in the monastery of Santo Domingo de Silos, there is a group of Benedictine scholars who are known throughout Spain as specialists in Gregorian chant. "But we are not just musicologists," one of them told me. "Above all we are *religiosos,* and we sing our music not in order to bring people an aesthetic experience but because we are servants and courtiers of the *casa de Dios.*" In recent years the Benedictines of Silos have been working on the restoration of eleventh-century Mozarabic chants, the music that was sung in Spanish churches before the Roman liturgy became mandatory. These relics of Visigothic Spain turn out to be particularly useful at this juncture because they can supply the melodic material for the *misa hispana,* the new Mass in Castilian that has been approved by the Vatican Council: "*Gloria Dios en el cielo, y en tierra paz a los hombres.*"

A VAST PROFUSION of superb architecture vies for your attention as you drive along the modern road to Santiago. Even the smallest village has some monument associated with the medieval pilgrimages, and in the open country you find hermitages, fountains, and sculptured crucifixes. The cities of Burgos and León are built around two of Spain's finest Gothic cathedrals, one celebrated for its sculptures, the other for its stained glass. But I found that the most exciting thing about this excursion into the Middle Ages was the repetition of the Romanesque line in churches, bridges, hospices, and palaces. Romanesque is the architecture of certitude, of very definite constructions and solid convictions, pierced here and there by a single dazzling beam of light. A Romanesque building grows out of the ground like a stone mushroom; it proceeds from the earth without aspiring to the sky, and is content with far humbler surroundings than the Gothic. In the little village of Fromista, for example, you come suddenly upon the breathtaking Romanesque church of San Martín, the very essence of noble simplicity. The interior is deserted; Mass is said there only once a year. As you enter, a sign in English tells you, quite accurately: "You are before one the most famous monuments of the Romanesque style in the whole world." It was built the year the Normans won the Battle of Hastings—1066 and all that.

I came away with the impression

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that Santiago is not a place to reach but a way to go. It puts you on the trail to a giant happening that took place before the world became tired, and there are no shortcuts to be taken. To fly there, as some pilgrims are now doing, completely defeats the purpose of the thing. To go there on tourist busses that race through the countryside is worse. Some French pilgrims have recently made the journey on horseback from Paris, and a very few did it all on foot. The best solution is to take a car, driving slowly, stopping when the spirit dictates, staying overnight at any village *fonda* that presents itself. The atmosphere is frequently medieval at these country inns; the beds are occasionally comfortable, and the food is usually tolerable. Friar Aymeric Picaud divided the camino into thirteen days' journey—a mystical rather than realistic figure, one gathers, since this would have called for the stamina of a pony express rider. The modern tourist should allot himself five or six days to cover the distance comfortably by car, following well-marked but little-traveled roads bearing the sign of the cockleshell, the symbol of St. James.

Only at the journey's end did I become aware that there were other pilgrims bent on the same mission. The city of Santiago, in fact, was an immensely crowded place. Where did all these people suddenly come from? Apparently by chartered busses and excursion trains from Madrid. Every café table had its quota of tourists wearing plastic cockleshells in their lapels and there was almost no room at the inns. Architecturally Santiago provided a climax full of dissonances: a twelfth-century cathedral with a baroque façade, a Renaissance town with wall-to-wall streets, and churches and hospices in every imaginable Christian style.

Many of the older pilgrims went a few miles further west to visit the place where Europe ends—Finisterre, where Roman legions once watched in "religious horror" as the sun went down in the unknown. To have lived on this coast when the world was flat must have been an uncomfortable experience, and that, perhaps, is why St. James had to bring his cargo of reassurance to green but sinister Finisterre. A saint was needed, and a saint was found.

How Now, Herb Blau?

GERALD WEALES

THERE IS a scene in *Slightly Honorable,* a 1940 gangster comedy, in which the pallbearers, trying to look as though they were in mourning, whisper acid jokes across the coffin they are carrying. The same air of happy obsequies followed the opening of *Danton's Death* at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre in Lincoln Center. Heads were shaken: "I told you so." Tears were shed: "Why can't New York have a really first-rate professional company?" Jokes were cracked: "Did you hear that the Mets want to trade Blau and Irving to the Giants for a third baseman?"

The mixture of regret and delight was quite genuine. Almost everyone connected with the theatre —performers, directors, critics, playgoers—would like New York to have a permanent theatre it can be proud of, but there is always a perverse pleasure in seeing sincere men come a cropper.

The pleasure was intensified in this case, at least for the Broadway crowd, by the fact that Lincoln Center seemed to be bringing in Herbert Blau and Jules Irving from their Actor's Workshop in San Francisco, to replace Elia Kazan and Robert Whitehead and show New York how the job should be done. The newcomers made a tactical error by opening with the George Buechner play about the French Revolution, one of the best and most difficult plays written in the last two hundred years (in San Francisco, their Workshop had grown out of a studio production of Philip Barry's *Hotel Universe*). When *Danton's Death* turned out to be a disappointment, the Blau-Irving management was already written off in a great many minds.

One of the reasons for the writing off is that Americans have a longing for instant success. We pay lip service to long-range plans, but we really expect racial problems to be solved, poverty pockets to be wiped out, and cultural wastelands to be cleared off the television networks as soon as a program is announced. So, naturally, we assume that the formation of the Lincoln Center Repertory is an automatic guarantee of perfection. We ignore the evidence of history: the stories of Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory in the 1920's and the Group Theatre in the 1930's are more often chronicles of aspiration than of achievement. We ignore the evidence of the present: the Arena Theatre in Washington and the Actor's Workshop have both worked for more than ten years and are still trying to discover themselves as acting companies.

The company listed in the program for the latest Blau-Irving production, *The Country Wife,* differs noticeably from that in the program

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for *Danton's Death;* gone are the names of Alan Bergmann, Roscoe Lee Browne, James Earl Jones, and Claudette Nevins. If these changes mean anything, the reaction to *Danton's Death* is under way. Either Jonahs are being tossed overboard or a sinking ship is being deserted; in either case, the new company is being treated as a Broadway one-shot.

My remarks are intended only to suggest that the Lincoln Center company or any company so conceived and so dedicated cannot endure at all unless it is allowed to make mistakes.

UNFORTUNATELY, *The Country Wife* is another mistake. William Wycherley's sardonic comedy is much more accessible than *Danton's Death,* so it is not surprising that it comes across a great deal better than the Buechner did. Still, as directed by Robert Symonds, whose performance as Robespierre was one of the best things in *Danton's Death,* this production of *The Country Wife* lacks a point, a style, and a sense of comedy. The last is most noticeable. *The Country Wife* is one of the funniest plays in English, its comedy ranging from pantomimic stage business through acres of double entendre to direct satirical abuse, but at Lincoln Center the actors were just not getting their laughs.

It was with the failure of style that the absence of laughter lay. Blau is quite right in his *The Impossible Theater* (Macmillan, 1964) when he attacks the idea of a superimposed style and insists that the style of a performance must grow out of the play. Surely no one, particularly no admirer of Wycherley, could want one of those precious performances which English companies and their American imitators used to bring to English comic classics. The problem here, however, is that nothing recognizable has grown out of the play.

One approach that might make good sense is a realism that would bring out Wycherley's toughness. Sometimes that seems to be what Symonds has in mind, but his attempts to bring it off lead in the full-cast scenes to an irrelevant series of Hogarthian tableaux and in the more intimate scenes, such as the opening, in which all of Horner's friends pick at the food on his table, to the kind of stage business that Broadway has done to death, the playing with cigarettes and glasses to convince the audience that the actors are real.

Such environmental detail, the insistence that these are people in a social context, is of value to the play only if the production pays careful attention to characterization (which is often stock comic) and to the rhythm of the lines. One of Wycherley's chief comic devices is an echo effect in which a word, phrase, or syntactical construction is used by one character, picked up by a second, and sent back to the first. Often the verbal play

is funnier than the content of the line. Beyond that, the comedy depends on the line in context, in the mouth of a particular character. It is here that the Lincoln Center production is weakest. Compare Priscilla Pointer's Lady Fidget to that of Pamela Brown in the 1957 production. Miss Pointer reads her lines clearly and flirts amusingly, but gives absolutely no sense of a reachable character; Miss Brown was so beautiful a compound of lust and correct behavior that even her most casual line helped build a comic portrait that was funny in itself and would have been the perfect Wycherley comment if that production as a whole had been up to her performance.

PERHAPS the weakness of the new version of *The Country Wife* can best be seen in one of its most successful characters. Michael Granger's quack is unnecessarily broad, a little confused (both a drunk and a hypochondriac), and certainly too intimate with Horner, but at least he exists, as a caricature whose edges are visible, so that his business and his lines reach the audience. For much the same reasons, Elizabeth Huddle's Margery is intermittently effective, but most of the other characters disappear into the Restoration mélange.

Robert Symonds's Sparkish is an exception, but not a happy one. Symonds plays the role so that his foolishness seems to be masking an intelligence greater than that of the men who deceive him and an underlying sadness that suggests untouched depths. This stands him in good stead at the end when he plays his jealousy scene with Alithea, but the effectiveness of that scene, as a moment in the theatre, calls in doubt the function of Sparkish in the play as a whole.

That doubt marks the production throughout, for Symonds seems not to have decided what the point of the play is. A note in the program suggests that the company accepts one of the standard readings, that Horner and the other true wits are using their libertinism and their sharp tongues to attack the hypocrisy of their society—and ours. But *The Country Wife* is a great deal more fascinating that that. Near the beginning of the play, Horner says of false wits, "A pox on 'em, and all that force nature, and would be still what she forbids 'em! Affectation is her greatest monster." How much richer the play becomes if that opening scene is played so that Horner's deceit, his pretending to be impotent, and his lying to his friends can be seen as his attempt to "force nature," his affectation. Since this production opened with Horner's being attired, there was an opportunity to use the scene to make that point. Instead, the dressing is just another example of the trivial detail that was supposed to give the scene texture.

Even if we agree that this is not the play Symonds intends doing, that he is not convinced that Wycherley is out to get everyone, including his rake hero and his conventional witty lovers, the simpler possibility does not come through either. If Horner and his fellow wits are to call society to account, they have to be both more biting and more healthily sensual than they are in this production, and their butts have to remain caricatures; they must not slip into the

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suggestion of pain that we get in Sparkish.

It would be presumptuous to generalize from two productions, particularly when they have different directors and when few of the leading actors are the same. Still, Symonds was very much a part of the San Francisco experience, and presumably he and a number of the actors shared the intellectual situation that is reflected in Blau's book. What is wrong at Lincoln Center so far may be hidden in the pages of *The Impossible Theater*. There Blau writes: "For me . . . the stage is a sort of battleground, a space to be struggled with, or violated, in Holy War; the prize, a vision." At first the book is more often annoying than informative, for Blau seems to be floundering in his rhetoric, mesmerized by his metaphor of the theatre as cold war, beset by his preoccupation with paradox and ambiguity. But by the end of the volume, by the time I reached the chapters on specific productions, the book had become strangely moving. Blau comes through as a man who created a theatre as a way of finding out who he is and what kind of world he lives in; we see him in rehearsal struggling with the plays —the social ones and the absurd ones—and moving finally to the position, always tentative, where his commitment to his art and to life escapes the emptiness and the nihilism that attracted him in certain existential playwrights.

THE DIFFICULTY is that as one reads about the plays, the productions seem more and more voyages of discovery for Blau and for the actors. The struggle is obvious and sometimes the vision is clear, but there is always the suspicion that it is not passed on to the audience. No one asks that the audience be spoonfed, but since it has not been through the rehearsal process, it can only grasp the vision if what the director and the actors have learned about the play and its relation to our world is made manifest on stage.

"The only way to deal with the knives," Blau said recently, "is to be powerful in your art." The question now is a double one: Is there really power there? If so, will the knives hold off until it emerges?

'Avida Dollars'

ALFRED WERNER

THE PURITY of nearly every great movement in art is, at some point, threatened by a shrewd manipulator who subverts its goals and achievements to his own egomaniacal purposes. Camille Pissarro, dean of the Impressionist school, complained about an Albert Besnard, who blended with his academicism certain features stolen from the Impressionists and was far more successful than Pissarro and his group: "Our worst enemy . . . who robs us, who is regarded as our leader if only because he uses our ideas, accommodating them to the taste of the vulgar." And Degas said of Besnard, the Grand Prix winner: "He flies with our wings."

Seeing the gigantic Salvador Dali retrospective at Huntington Hartford's Gallery of Modern Art—Dali's first large show in New York in more than twenty years—one wonders whether he will go down in history as the Albert Besnard of Surrealism. Besnard ended up as director of the Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts; Salvador Dali, sixty-one and still as vigorous and impudent as he was two or three decades ago, merely seeks to be known and admired everywhere, whether in New York or the Fiji Islands. Through his manner of painting he has contributed considerably to the false image of Surrealism as a cleverly anecdotal art, while through his deliberately absurd behavior—his dandyish appearance, his baffling pronunciamentos, his actions designed to startle and shock—he has led thousands to regard all artists as exhibitionists.

As for Surrealism, it existed long before Dali had his first sensational one-man show in Paris in 1929; even long before the birth of André Breton, the movement's literary high priest and "inventor." It can be traced back to Bosch and Breughel. In literature, one grandfather was the obscure self-styled Comte de Lautréamont, who died very young in the year 1870, and whose definition of beauty as the chance meeting of a sewing machine and an umbrella on a dissecting table is often quoted. In spite of some of the pranks perpetrated by its practitioners, Surrealism was—and remains—a very serious affair, with a program, formulated by Breton, having revolutionary anti-rationalist aims: "Surrealism is based on belief in the importance of certain forms of association hitherto neglected, in the omnipotence of dream. . . ."

SURREALISM appeared after the rationalism of the Cubist movement had run its course and the First World War seemed to have demonstrated the impotence of the intellect in solving the problems of life. Like deep-sea fishermen, such Surrealist masters as Max Ernst, André Masson, and Joan Miró sank their nets to the very depths of the unconscious mind, and often brought up marvelous and fascinating creatures. Men were at last willing and again able to bring forth fantasies in which the line between reality and hallucination is obliterated. The painter felt himself free to ignore the well-trodden tracks of seeing, the fixed categories of thinking. During the 1920's and early 1930's much superb painting was created by artists who more or less abandoned themselves to irrational fantasy, somewhat in the way the Flemish masters had treated visions as real, and reality as a vision.

Does Salvador Dali rightfully belong to this group? Years ago, Breton warned: "Dali insinuated himself into the Surrealist movement." But

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Dali, on the other hand, keeps on insisting that he is the only true Surrealist, that he was given his Christian name because he was destined to become the savior of painting as an art. This "savior" already had a history by the time he left his native Spain for Paris, at the age of twenty-five. He was twice expelled from the School of Fine Arts in Madrid, and had even spent a few weeks in jail after acting as ringleader in a riot in behalf of a teacher. He admired this teacher, as he was to admire Nietzsche and Freud, Hitler and Franco.

Was he ever sincere in his beliefs? He was never anything but sincere in his conviction that, as he once stated, it is difficult to hold the world's interest for more than half an hour at a time. He was always sincere in his credo that the simplest way to refuse all concessions to money is to have it oneself. He had hardly arrived in Paris when he became involved in one of a series of national and even international scandals that were to fling open to him the doors of the least accessible mansions. A film upon which he collaborated caused a riot, in the course of which paintings by Dali and some of his fellow Surrealists were destroyed in the studio where the movie was shown.

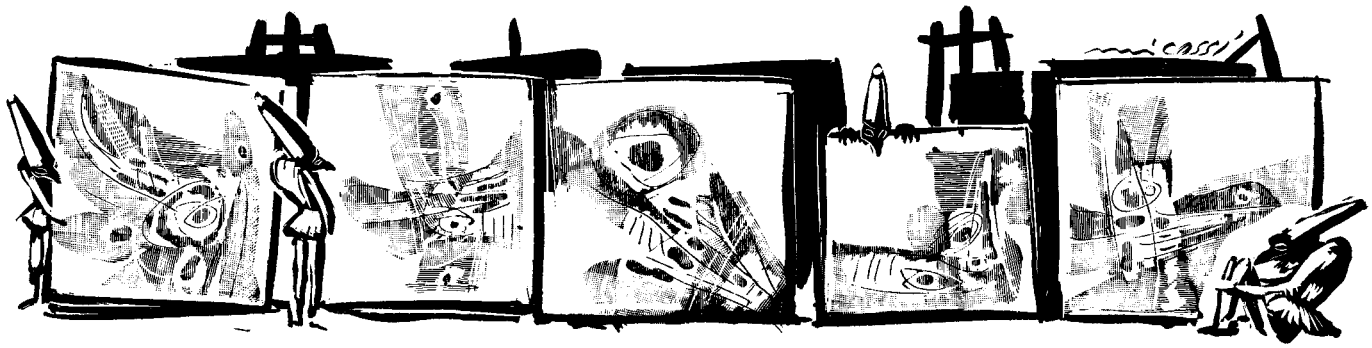
In the following thirty-six years he has managed to remain in the public eye, while other painters who may have had equal ability but not his gift for self-aggrandizement have sunk into oblivion. As the huge show on Columbus Circle—more than 250 paintings, drawings, prints, collages, objets d'art, and sculpture —demonstrates, Dali is a first-rate technician who, had he applied his craftsmanship to the forging of Old Masters, could have produced "Vermeers" that would have outlasted those painted by Van Meegeren. In his stupendous perfection of line, in the glowing luminosity of his color, he has no peer among his contemporaries. The question is: To what use does he put his amazing skills?

Where the true Surrealists let their instincts create the visions that have remained valid signs and symbols, Dali has self-consciously produced what might be called an applied Surrealism by a cold and contrived juxtaposition of unrelated objects in unexpected contexts. Dali's open bureau drawers projecting out of female chests derive from psychoanalytical literature. His "bent time" watches might be traced to Einstein's "bent light—curved space." There is nothing objectionable about ideas that originate in medicine or physics, as long as they evoke in the painter feelings which, put on canvas, induce similar feelings in the spectator. Unfortunately, with Dali it is as if we were watching the performance of a fire-eater: while admiring his tricks, we know that the "fire" cannot possibly hurt him. A painter, too, is a magician, creating a "reality" by artificial means. No one has stated this more admirably than Dali's compatriot Picasso (whom incidentally Dali charges with having deliberately cultivated the ugly): "Now we know that art is not truth; art is a lie which allows us to approach the truth—at least insofar as truth is discernible to us." In his writings, Dali fumes against distortions, claiming that his own soft watches or enormously long legs are honest copies, done in a photographic manner, of his own visions. But in the thirty-odd years of his career, Dali has never sought truth, never desired anything beyond making a stir with his tremendous formalistic gifts.

Is it, perhaps, unfair to Dali to pay so much attention to his public behavior? I think not, for when he plays the fool it is to suit his own purposes. But I doubt that I would judge Dali differently, even if I had never seen him, with his long hair à la Velásquez, his gold-tipped cane, his aggressive mustache, his purposely difficult-to-understand language; if I had never read his wildly egomaniacal autobiographies, the latest of which is entitled *Diary of a Genius*. At the current retrospective show I would stumble over elephantine titles like the one given to his latest extravaganza, which reads: "Salvador Dali in the act of painting Gala in the apotheosis of the dollar in which you can see on the left Marcel Duchamps masquerading as Louis XIV behind a Vermeerian curtain which actually is the invisible face but monumental of Hermes by Praxiteles."

Walking from one picture to another, I would be dismayed by his constant reliance on the most conventional academic techniques, as practiced by conservative Ecole des Beaux-Arts teachers nearly a hundred years ago, to create his irritating caprices. Once the shock produced by Dali's sex- or religion-obsessed apparitions has worn off, one is left with stiff and frigid Old Master imitations, presented in a meticulous miniaturist technique that makes his paintings appear like color reproductions of the real thing. Miró's works are fantastic, but they are also naïve and simple, and his pigments are subtle and lyrical. Dali's creations are extraordinary only because utterly realistic shapes are elongated or otherwise distorted, and because the total arrangement is unnatural and illogical.

Thus, while the contradictions and incompatibilities in his pictures may make us laugh, our laughter is bound to be hollow, for Dali is quite without humor. He is as crafty a manipulator of dreams as any Mad-



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ison Avenue huckster. We are made to look at the work of an alleged madman—yet we question his insanity. We are asked to look at dreams—and see before us little more than the frantic efforts of an aging *enfant terrible* to set off, by an unquestionable technical virtuosity, the fireworks of a "paranoiacal" machinery that might have been invented at a seventeenth-century court for the amusement of a bored potentate.

Dali's failure is that he cannot convince us that the figures moving about in his dream world are more than just actors, paid by the hour for gesticulating in outlandish costumes. Quasi eroticism, quasi Freudianism, and quasi Catholicism are brought before us by an impresario who has transformed the spontaneous outpourings of Surrealism into a profitable act played before a packed house. Considering his avowed cynicism, it is amazing that he has retained his following throughout the years—he who unashamedly declared his decision to become "the greatest courtesan of his time," and who delightedly accepted as a sort of talisman the anagram "Avida Dollars" which Breton, disappointed in his pupil, formed out of his name.

Unfortunately, the road to Damascus is rarely traveled by those over sixty. At least in the first ten or fifteen years of his career, Dali executed his aesthetic lies with the flourish and fervor of a strong, wild temperament. But he has done nothing lately to endear himself to those who consider art to be more than a conversation piece for the idle rich. The dazzling show on Columbus Circle, which is scheduled to tour the country, will hardly improve his reputation. His enormous recent pictures on historical themes, such as "The Discovery of America" and "The Battle of Tetuan," merely prove that Breton was right when he separated himself and his movement from a painter who, as he said, "through a process of systematic vulgarization" had sunk deeper and deeper into the murky waters of an academicism that was to swallow him up completely. The case of Albert Besnard here may repeat itself: in those years when nobody cared for a Monet or a Pissarro he played a great role in France. But who remembers him today?

Lunch at the Coq d'Or

The place is called the Golden Cock. Napkins
Stand up like trumpets under every chin.
Each noon at table tycoons crow
And flap their wings around each other's shoulders.
Crumbling bread, I wade at the edge of whiskey
Waiting for my man to embody himself
Until in time he shadows the head waiter
And plumps his bottom in the other chair.
Once he is seated with his alibis
We order drinks, we talk. His voice is rich.
Letters I had written him all winter
Had washed my mind of him, till Purdy,
Warm of heart and hearty of handshake,
Had shrunk into a signature, a stamp.
The fine print vanishes. I see him plain.
I know my man. Purdy's a hard-nosed man.
Another round for us. It's good to work
With such a man. "Purdy," I hear myself,
"It's good to work with you." I raise
My arm, feathery in the dim light, and extend
Until the end of it brushes his padded shoulder.
"Purdy, how are you? How you doodle do?"

—PETER DAVISON

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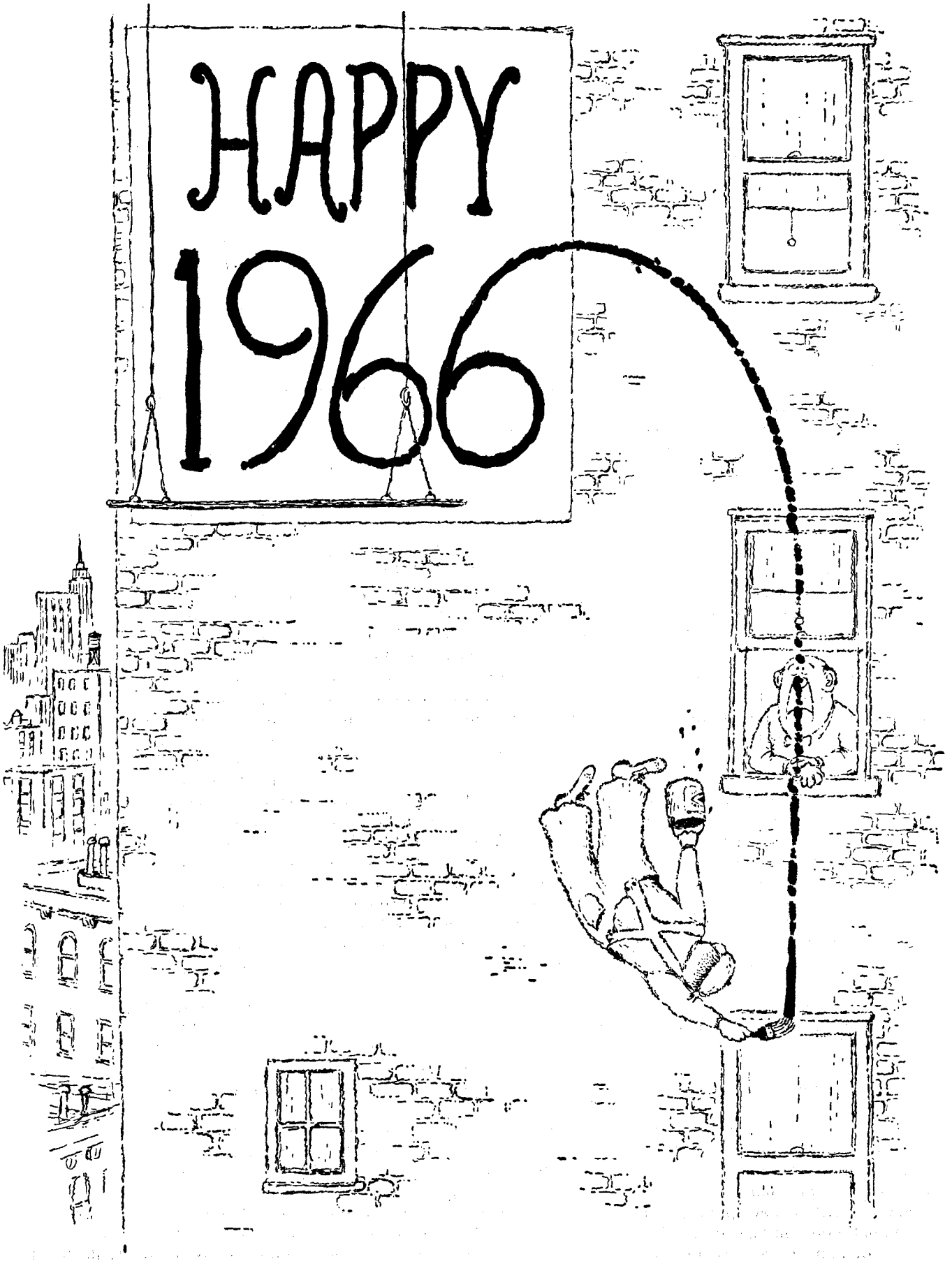

By Fernando Krahn

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Of War, Time, and Generals

ROBERT P. KNAPP, JR.

At this short range when he has been gone less than two years, it is hardly possible to appraise Douglas MacArthur dispassionately. On the one hand there is the stature of greatness never fully tested; on the other, the inerasable stigma of failure and removal from command. The explanation may lie more in the times than in the man. It was his fortune to be a general in an era when neither the course nor the outcome of war was determined by the plans and leadership of generals.

Though an ex-G.I. might demur, wars have always been hard on generals, and to no victorious general has modern warfare given less at the end than to MacArthur. In his career and in his times are gathered and focused all the sharply conflicting elements in the general's position in the twentieth century. No Caesar ever returned to more copious laurels than did MacArthur, and it would not be wrong to say that no Caesar ever deserved his honors more. Yet it would not be wrong either to say that MacArthur was hailed not as conquering Caesar but as brave and vanquished Vercingetorix to await the pleasure of the public will. In 1951 the American people acclaimed MacArthur, the advocate of total victory in Korea, as they had acclaimed no military leader before him; in 1952 they voted for Eisenhower and a negotiated peace.

Recently Richard H. Rovere and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., have published *The MacArthur Controversy and American Foreign Policy* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux.) It is basically the same book that first appeared in 1951 as *The General and the President,* with a new preface and additional essays on Courtney Whitney's biography of MacArthur and MacArthur's own *Reminiscences.* It is of course not presented as a biography, but it is representative of most of the criticism that has been printed of the final chapter of MacArthur's active military career. The book reaches a largely uncompromising and adverse judgment on the man that is unsatisfying in every way so long after the close of the MacArthur Debate of 1951. If the purpose of *The MacArthur Controversy* is to analyze the merits of that controversy, we must wonder why two-fifths of the book is devoted to MacArthur's pre-Korean career, with every unquestioned success passed over briefly, every ambiguous episode examined at length. The authors' entire treatment of MacArthur's life suggests that they cannot find enough in the merits of the controversy to attack MacArthur's position in it unless they first attempt to cut the man himself down to size.

Rovere and Schlesinger say that MacArthur "was not cast in any of the typical American molds." In an analysis standing somewhat at variance with his characterization of MacArthur as atypical, Schlesinger puts him among the "cavaliers" of the American military tradition, along with Light-Horse Harry Lee, Jeb Stuart, and George Patton. For contrast and using the term only in the sense of military outlook, he classifies Washington, Grant, Pershing, and Marshall as "roundheads." Eisenhower is called "a chairman of the board."

As soldiers MacArthur and Eisenhower were molded and shaped in periods that stood a full and eventfully large military generation apart. MacArthur held a major general's command when Eisenhower was three years out of West Point. In *Reminiscences* (McGraw-Hill), MacArthur attributes his outstanding scholastic achievement at West Point to his "having, perhaps, a somewhat clearer perspective of events—a better realization that first things come first." In the perspective that he records at the end of eighty-four years, it is clear that to MacArthur firstness was measured not only in terms of relative importance in the eyes of the world but often, to an even more significant and critical degree, by the wholly chronological sequence of his own experience. First principles to MacArthur were principles learned first. In his beginnings and, to the end, in his attitudes, MacArthur recounts and reflects the tradition of personal leadership and personal example of the old Indian-fighting army, whose heroes and ideals were those of the Civil War and of the continuous Indian wars that preceded and followed it.

Unlike many towering political figures of his times, including most prominently Roosevelt and Churchill, MacArthur was carried to his pinnacle not by a drastic reversal of his country's fortunes but by his own achievements in an unbroken sequence of success that reached back to his boyhood. As much as they can be for any man, MacArthur's accomplishments were his personal accomplishments. In 1942 with his command facing certain annihilation, he stood as the only reasonable choice for our task in the Southwest Pacific, not as a Cincinnatus called by failures of earlier men. And if MacArthur's accomplishments were his own doing, so too was his downfall.

In surveying his career, Rovere and Schlesinger suggest that the MacArthur legend was largely a false legend, that his victories in the Second World War were other men's victories; that his dismissal from command was payment deferred. As to where the credit belongs for the American successes in New Guinea and the Philippines, one need only paraphrase Joffre's wry observation after the First Battle of the Marne: Rovere and Schlesinger may challenge MacArthur's authorship of the victories in the Southwest Pacific, but if the Southwest Pacific had been

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lost, there would have been no doubt as to who had lost it. Although Rovere and Schlesinger designate, name by name, a different American general as the true victor in each of MacArthur's campaigns, it is to MacArthur alone that they assign full and heavy debit for the casualties.

Yet it was not MacArthur's "histrionics" that led to his dismissal in Korea; nor was it, as Rovere and Schlesinger endeavor to demonstrate, because he was in a large measure a poseur whose pretensions had finally been unmasked. He took the stand that brought his dismissal precisely because he was in truth the real thing, the genuine article. To the extent that "typical" connotes common or ordinary, MacArthur was of course not typical. To the extent that "typical" denotes something of recognizable type, he was typical, but the type is very likely unfamiliar to Rovere and Schlesinger. MacArthur's *Reminiscences* and his career itself portray a man who, while he may have had aspects of Schlesinger's "cavalier," was in essence a thorough Victorian—Victorian in personal attitudes and in the practice of his profession. Though he was not formally a member of the army until he entered West Point in 1899, Douglas MacArthur was in and of the Regular United States Army from the day of his birth in 1880, and that army, like the professional armies of other leading powers of the era, differed sharply in two critical respects from the armies of earlier centuries and from those of the twentieth century. From the armies of the past, the professional armies of the nineteenth century differed qualitatively; from the armies that were to come, the difference can best be characterized as quantitative.

When Joffre made his observation half a century ago, it is unlikely that he realized—and there is nothing in MacArthur's history to show that he ever realized—that generalship could no longer win wars because warfare had outgrown the capacity of any one human being to guide its course. Our Civil War in the midst of the Victorian era was a sharp crestline in a towering watershed of the arts of war, a watershed whose shape and extent did not begin to be charted until 1914. On the sunset side lie the traditions and ideals of almost every aspect of generalship and supreme military leadership as the decisive factor in warfare. Toward the future lies the supremacy of material means of war.

THE REGULAR ARMY in which Douglas MacArthur was raised was an army that by its function and by the inertia of history and tradition clung to its past. Yet it was a Victorian army distinguished in one vital aspect from the armies of earlier times. The career army officer, like the career civil servant, was a product of the nineteenth century. In the Civil War the great preponderance of generals came from the civil life; in the Second World War, only one civilian soldier held field command on the division level. In England until the mid-nineteenth century, the colonels and generals were drawn from the rich and noble; in our fiercely egalitarian society from the rich and political.

Douglas MacArthur in 1880 was born into an army that was well along in the transition from the vestigial principles of feudalism to true professionalism. But he was also born at a time when the personal role of the military leader had been given sharp accentuation by almost countless officer-heroes on both sides of the Civil War. Custer, a Civil War brigadier at twenty-three and a major general at twenty-five, had been killed only a few years earlier by the Sioux, and it was into an Indian-fighting army on active service that Douglas MacArthur was born. His first memories were of a march against Geronimo, a march which, according to his *Reminiscences*, he was to recall a half century later on Corregidor.

The wars of the unfenced West were fought by a thoroughly professional army, a colonial army, as much separated from its people and government as were the British forces then fighting Africa and Asia. The separation from the rest of the world was complete. The Indian was bound to no conventions and no rulebook, and neither was the army that pursued and drove the Indian to the barren mountains and the waterless deserts. Aside from the esprit and discipline that compel a soldier to stand fighting by his comrade, the qualities called forth by Indian fighting were individual qualities, and upon the officers who were the community fathers of MacArthur's early boyhood fell the sternest demands for those qualities.

In a measure of tribute not ungenerous, Schlesinger and Rovere say that MacArthur could "run faster, jump farther, dive deeper, and come up drier than anybody." Those words read like an authentic syllabus of the qualities demanded of officers in the army that MacArthur was born into. It is inconceivable that from his earliest consciousness he ever considered any career except in that army, and to the close of his life, upon the evidence of his words and his deeds, he held to the values and standards of that old frontier army in a world drawn into close confrontation on frontiers of a complexity and extent, of a quality and dimension, unresolvable by those values and standards.

THE seventy-one years of MacArthur's life in the army span the period from the horse and the single-shot rifle to the jet and the rocket, from black powder to the atomic bomb. But the real significance of these "advances" in the business of death was not on the battlefield, nor in the planning of general staffs. Within a period of less than forty years, weapons development had a catalytic effect on civilized society not achieved by gunpowder in five centuries. It was something more than men who died amid the wire and fluid mud of the Western Front under the ceaseless tap-tap of machine guns and the unending pounding of unseen batteries. Hitler and the Japanese military rose from national to world power while the Allies averted their faces because they could not contemplate the consequences of a showdown. With the idealistic bases for war dimming to pallid abstractions, the Second World War imposed demands for commitment never before faced by the whole people of this country.

At the time of his dismissal in 1951, there was nowhere in the world a general of MacArthur's stature who had had a fuller opportunity to observe the vast transformation of war in the twentieth century. And by the same token, given his aware-

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ness of historical perspective, there should have been no man better qualified to appraise the broader implications of those changes. In 1904, a year out of West Point, MacArthur was ordered to join his father, Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur, our official observer of the Russo-Japanese War. Both with respect to the quality of Russian leadership and the tactics and techniques employed, that war was a significant forecast of the First World War. In it, for the first time in a major war, the indirect fire of artillery was employed, the guns being sited out of view of opposing infantry. Without this radical development of artillery tactics, the stalemates of the Great War would have been impossible. The Russo-Japanese War is covered in barely more than a page of MacArthur's *Reminiscences*, which says not a word of the military operations but characteristically is devoted to the personal qualities of the Japanese leaders and soldiers.

In the First World War, MacArthur became the commander of the Rainbow Division, and was repeatedly decorated for bravery. He perceived that "war was a condition which involved the efforts of every man, woman, and child. . . . War had become a phenomenon which truly involved the nation in arms." As superintendent of West Point after the war, he made the most drastic changes in over a century, all with a view to equipping the professional officer in the light of the war for his new role as the leader of civilian rather than professional soldiers. But in his very real—and for its time revolutionary—awareness of the necessity for expanding the horizons of the professional officer corps, MacArthur still saw war as the proper business of soldiers. He saw a new type of officer "possessing all of the cardinal military virtues as of yore" but with a "liberalization of conception which amounts to a change in his psychology of command." Viewing the First World War in his "perspective of events," Douglas MacArthur continued to see that the "first things" were command and leadership.

For the battlefield MacArthur's analysis was true and just, but with the First World War warfare forever outgrew the battlefield, completing the metamorphosis begun in the Civil War. MacArthur saw correctly the demands upon the soldier in future wars, but what he did not see was that in future wars the sphere of the soldier was destined to be decisively reduced. What he did not acknowledge was the monstrous growth of the material aspect of warfare until it came to dominate not only the battlefield but the hearts and minds of nations.

MacArthur describes the tactics the French used against the final German drive of 1918. Except for "suicide squads" to show token resistance, the forward French trenches were evacuated and on them were trained the waiting batteries. When the German infantry stormed into the vacant trenches they plunged inevitably into a maelstrom of shellfire, for them as sudden and destructive as the incandescent flash that was to touch Hiroshima less than three decades later. MacArthur speaks of this technique with the professional respect he feels for it and observes that those who somehow survived it were "spent and ready for destruction." He speaks of "tactics I had seen so often in the Indian wars of my frontier days," but he does not speculate or reflect upon the place and function of the traditional principles of leadership in these often repeated holocausts of the First World War. Except in a few breakthroughs, for four years the cannoneers of the Western Front served their guns with the routinized

rhythm of oarsmen, remote and compartmented from the infantrymen they cut down each day. To them the tortuous snarl of the trench lines was hardly nearer than the piny islets of the Inland Sea were to the men of the *Enola Gay*.

MacArthur was right when he went home to turn West Point toward a new type of education for a new type of leader, but he was wrong when he saw the outcome of future wars controlled largely by those or any other leaders trained to the uniform. The pocked and blasted heaths of the Western Front were not the green playing fields of Eton, and they were not the wide hunting grounds of the Comanche, Kiowa, and Sioux. Nearest to being masters of the infertile fields of war were the battery commanders in their sandbagged observation posts. They led and they commanded not by example, not by exhortation or by inspiration, but by telephone in the terse language of numbers. They were matter-of-fact, workaday men, a clerk from the City of London, a grocer from the Ile-de-France, a farmer from western Missouri kept from West Point by weak eyesight.

At the ends of their telephone lines a half mile or more behind them, these captains of artillery had in their four guns ten times the firepower of Custer's entire regiment. Yet in giving them that fearful power, the nations for whom they fought denied them a power that Custer had. They could not move without their infantry to guard them, and their infantry could not move without their fire ahead of it, but above the interdependence within the army was the army's umbilical dependence for every minute of its existence upon the material things of war. The time when an expeditionary force could sally forth with a month's or even a week's supply had passed with the Indian and the Zulu. As much as they waited for orders from their commander ahead of them, the guns waited always for hoof clops of the mules bringing ammunition from the rear, and the mules waited for the trains, the trains for the ships, the ships for the factories—back, back all the way to the mills, the mines, and the fields, to the men and to the women, who waited for the news from the front. This was the lesson of World War I, and the lesson for World War II, Korea, Vietnam.

From 1930 until 1935 MacArthur was Chief of Staff in an era dominated in this country by the depression, Roosevelt, and the New Deal. It is doubtful if anyone in this country in those five years did more

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to strengthen our position for the Second World War than did MacArthur. In those years when few Americans took Hitler seriously and even fewer felt more than sentimental concern over China's dismemberment, civilians who thought of the United States Army were apt to think of it principally as a fitting subject for drastic economizing.

MacArthur's first clash with a Commander-in-Chief came when Roosevelt proposed to cut the Regular Army appropriations in half. The effect of MacArthur's successful but acrimonious confrontation with Roosevelt is best measured in the terms of the time that it took us to put an army in the field in the Second World War. It was eleven months after Pearl Harbor before we were able to put a small and unevenly trained force into North Africa; somewhat earlier, two divisions had gone into combat in New Guinea. The army that MacArthur had preserved against Congressional and Executive economizing was smaller than that of the Netherlands; had it been cut in half, there would be no adequate measure of the later cost in terms of the time of untrained lives.

WHAT MacArthur did in his tenure as Chief of Staff was quite literally, however, to preserve the army—to preserve it in the sense that he always put first, in terms of officers, men, and morale. The early 1930's saw the beginnings of technological developments that were pursued vigorously by the armed forces of other nations but which did not touch the United States Army until after the outbreak of the Second World War. Parachute troops, rocketry, radar, the Chrystie tank, and the high-velocity anti-tank gun were all born or developed to practicality in this period. All were to become indispensable elements of our own army in the Second World War, but in the 1930's our army proclaimed and reaffirmed its faith in horse cavalry and horsed artillery —not as our sole reliance, but as forces that were expected to form an effective element of any United States effort in an overseas war. "Unrealistic" is the softest possible impeachment that can be leveled at this romantic concept of the General Staff of the world's greatest industrial power. Ours was an army that believed in and practiced human excellence in terms of integrity, courage, and selflessness while it clung tenaciously and nostalgically to material inferiority. In this the army reflected MacArthur, and MacArthur reflected the army. He tells of pleas to Congress for money for mechanization, but this was largely as a matter of expansion. He speaks of no differences within the General Staff concerning the army's appropriations. The record of his era and afterwards speaks for itself. Pearl Harbor, coming eighteen months after Hitler's tanks had smashed France and sent Britain reeling, found us with two full-strength divisions of horse cavalry. Motorization had made progress in the field artillery, but to a large extent only because it had been reluctantly recognized that in 1940 it was easier to teach a draftee how to drive a truck than how to drive a horse.

MacArthur's dramatic return to the Philippines, his signing of the surrender documents, and his proconsulship in Tokyo all created a popular impression that in the Second World War he was the supreme commander of the United States Army forces in the Pacific, the victor in the Far East, the conqueror of Japan. The fact is that he was not to the Pacific war what Eisenhower was to the European Theater of Operations, and in the light of Korea that distinction is a crucial one. In Korea at the age of seventy, MacArthur was for the first time in his long career invested with the full responsibility for all military operations in one theatre of war.

Such eminence comes to but a few men in any century and almost of necessity therefore comes to a man who has not previously exercised such power. In the case of MacArthur, however, it came to a general who for twenty years had held the highest military posts in areas of world importance, culminating in his wise and temperate dictatorship in Japan. When he was given command in Korea, the very nature of the powers he had exercised successfully for twenty years, taken with his conception of the role and mission of an army commander, would hardly have predisposed MacArthur or any other general with a similar record to take a limited view of his responsibilities and authority.

Paradoxically enough, the very limitations under which MacArthur operated in the Southwest Pacific during the Second World War could only have enlarged, not restricted, his conception of his proper functions in Korea. Despite the locale, the weapons, and the date, the Southwest Pacific presented him with a modern counterpart of the essential operational problem of the Indian wars that formed so distinct a part of his memory and consciousness. It was a classical military problem with a classical military solution: destruction of the enemy. Not the destruction of Japan but the destruction of the Japanese forces in huge but nevertheless limited area. The key to the Pacific war, as MacArthur was the first to learn to his bitter dismay on Bataan, lay on the sea and in the air. The army's mission was the vital and essential elimination of Japanese strongholds and securing them as our own bases—for the tightening circle of sea and air power.

BEFORE the start of ground operations in MacArthur's Southwest Pacific Area, the balance of air-sea power was shifted decisively and conclusively to the United States in the Battles of the Coral Sea and Midway. MacArthur's war was fought against a tough, strong, and resourceful enemy, abundant in numbers, arms, and supplies.

Beginning at the very lowest level of command, there is no more familiar message to the military leader than the request for support. In the Southwest Pacific MacArthur got that support but the Japanese did not. MacArthur got it in his own area and got it across the whole Pacific from American forces acting in spheres far outside of his own control. In the Southwest Pacific he always got the day-to-day support of supply and ammunition and men. In the Second World War, as MacArthur pointedly and caustically notes, the Pacific as a whole was in fact though not in division of responsibility one entire theatre of war. His Southwest Pacific Area was a subdivision of that theatre. The decisions for the entire Pacific were

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made in Washington, and MacArthur had neither responsibility nor authority for the actions outside his area that determined in the overall strategic sense what he could do within his area. In Korea all of this was changed, at least in MacArthur's eyes. He was in command of the entire theatre and of all forces in it, army, navy, and air, and he was in command not only of a theatre of war but of an entire war itself. What had not changed in his view, except for the scope of the task, was the classic mission of the commander: destruction of the enemy forces, whoever they might be. What also had not changed for him were the factors that would achieve that mission, determined and aggressive troops, well led and fully supported. And with a lifetime of training behind him, Douglas MacArthur could hardly have doubted that as theatre commander it was his personal mission and duty to furnish or do all in his power to furnish that leadership and support.

But many things had changed in warfare, weapons, and nations, and from his words we must question whether Douglas MacArthur ever recognized that at the Yalu River he was confronted by much more than the armies of Communist China.

From the Veld

ELIZABETH STILLE

AFRICAN STORIES, by Doris Lessing. *Simon and Schuster. $7.95.*

"All these stories have in common that they are set in Africa, but that is all they have in common," Doris Lessing notes in her preface. That is "all"—but the country and its people color every story nonetheless. Even the disintegration of a ménage à trois, a long-standing accommodation between two brothers and the wife of one, seems harsher and more impersonal because we feel so keenly the remoteness of the *trois* from the rest of their kind or from any other frame of reference. In Colette, the best of writers at catching the looks, the words, the gestures, and the accidents that alter an emotional alliance, he, he, and

Urgent: Won't you help Eugenia?

EUGENIA VENTURANZA D. FERRER, FILIPINA, AGE 8. One of five children. Father dead. Malaria. Mother predisposed to TB. Eugenia helps peddle vegetables when not in school. Mother walks many miles each working day from 4:30 A.M. to late at night. Earns less than 33¢ a day. Not enough to feed family regularly. Miss many meals. Only coffee for breakfast. Children in rags. Live in shack. Floor bamboo. Roof woven grass. Mother sick with despair for children she cannot feed and clothe adequately. Help to Eugenia means help to whole family.

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she come together out of a lively city—friends, work, distractions. In Doris Lessing's "Winter in July" there's nothing but the three of them, the endless veld, and the silent blacks all around. Yet this lovely, lucid story displays one of the author's many strengths: she is tough-minded and subtle about what goes on between he and she. And much of her London-based writing deals with its variations.

As for the injustices in her home country, Rhodesia, now so insistently in the news, Mrs. Lessing writes: "If people had been prepared to listen, two decades earlier, to the small, but shrill-enough, voices crying out for the world's attention, perhaps the present suffering in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia could have been prevented. Britain, who is responsible, became conscious of her responsibility too late; and now the tragedy must play itself slowly out."

DORIS LESSING's own voice was one of the clearest. Yet she rarely tackles the problem straight on, and when she does, as in the long story "Hunger," the result, as she concedes, is not happy. She does not know in her bones what it's like to be a kraal boy who makes his way to the big city. The Rhodesians she does know intimately (or knew in her Rhodesian childhood) are the white settlers, particularly the farmers. These seem to have the virtues and vices one associates with the men who settled the American West: they are tough, self-reliant, and obsessed by their will to tame a harsh land and make it flourish. The job requires backbreaking labor, and in their single-minded concentration on it they are unable to consider the natives in other than utilitarian terms.

Doris Lessing sees the "cruelties of the white man towards the black man" as "only one aspect of the atrophy of the imagination that prevents us from seeing ourselves in every creature that breathes under the sun." This terrible limitedness is what all but a few of her stories convey, usually only implicitly and incidentally. But in one faintly Maughamish and melodramatic story, "'Leopard' George," it is the whole thing. A hard-driving estate owner maintains with his workers through their headman, old Smoke, a feudal relationship that works with apparent smoothness so long as its rules are carefully observed. George has no wife, to the consternation of his white neighbors. It is only after years of mystification that his black mistress makes them suddenly aware of her existence. George sends her away immediately. But when a successor presents herself, is accepted, and turns out to be Smoke's dissatisfied young wife, George's smooth-running establishment falls apart.

"'LEOPARD' GEORGE" represents whatever tribute can still be paid to the hardy Old Settler—a crude fellow, but with the virtues of his defects. More contemporary, more like the rest of us, and therefore more fit for our sympathy and our contempt, are the young civil-service couple in "A Home for the Highland Cattle" who have emigrated from England searching for Lebensraum and a good life, bringing along their firm but untested notions of progress and justice. Their dreams of spacious, gracious living are reduced to a squalid two-room sublet in a warren of apartments filled with tenants who are obsessed with not being taken advantage of by overworked black servants. The wife's attempts to intervene on behalf of a fifteen-year-old slavey who has been made pregnant by her own "boy" win her the hostility of her neighbors, and her generosity to the "boy" himself only results in his arrest. But by that time she has moved away and doesn't even know what her good intentions have come to.

"A Home for the Highland Cattle" is clearly one of the latest of these thirty undated stories. Its many-sidedness proclaims that it was written years after Doris Lessing had left Rhodesia, acquired a knowledge of the world, and learned to dig deeper and deeper into herself to turn knowledge into understanding. What are surely earlier stories are crude by comparison—uncut stones that have not been made to catch the light. But there are no fake stones here. Doris Lessing is intelligent and sternly honest with herself. She has character as well as talent. And growing up in Rhodesia, despite the difficulties, has contributed to both.

Unoriginal Sin

ANATOLE BROYARD

THE NIGHTCLERK, by Stephen Schneck. *Grove. $4.95.*

Emerging from a brothel, Balzac is said to have exclaimed, "I've lost a book!" "No, man, no," Stephen Schneck would say. "Write it down! Write it down!" He has done so in *Nightclerk*, the latest brickbat flung by the Free Speech Movement.

For all its pop modernity, *Nightclerk* reminds me of the boxing broadcasts of my childhood: "A left, a right, another smashing left," etc., when you know they're just waltzing around in a clinch. In this "adjectival insistence on the inexpressible," as F. R. Leavis put it, the syntactic orgy usually outstrips the sexual, and the prose breathes even harder than the protagonists.

"Man, you don't understand!" I can hear the hip critics expostulating. "Like this isn't pornography, man—it's *parody!* Dig?" But I don't dig. Since most pornography is already parody—of sex, people, literature—how can you parody it again? Are two negatives supposed to add up to a positive? If there is a difference, it is only that pornographic parodies, as opposed to the other kind, have literary pretensions. Kafka, Beckett, Genêt, and Joyce are supposed to be watching the action through the one-way mirror on the wall. Schneck's central character is a nightclerk named Blight, who weighs 617 pounds. (He's a nightclerk, see: he deals in room-service dreams; and the hotel, like the hotel is the universe, like in that other tremendous parody, *Grand Hotel.*) Blight rents out his wife, Katy, whom he discovered in a mental hospital (a hip novel without a mental hospital is like a martini without an olive), and she methodacts out the fantasies of her customers, who all require a full-scale production of their perversions. And that's about it, because plot and stuff like that are strictly for hacks.

At least you can say this much in extenuation of Schneck: none of his sins is original. *Nightclerk's* fashionably schizy structure is right out of Burroughs's *Naked Lunch.*

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The "black humor" is a stew of yesterday's sick jokes. The pharmacological props follow the familiar prescription. The notion of playing up to the marks' fantasies is courtesy of Genêt's *The Balcony*. And the style is Sade as told to Jimmy Breslin.

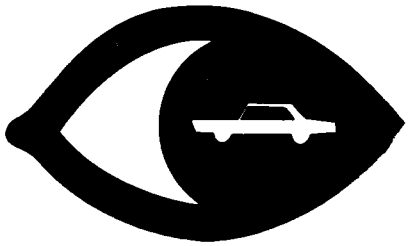
In spite of its stentorian secondhandedness, *Nightclerk* won the $10,000 Formentor Prize, which is apparently awarded in the spirit of parody. To show, since Schneck won't, what a genuine satirist might do with sex, one might recommend the John Cheever story in which a traveling salesman finds nostalgic passages of Victorian prose on all the public lavatory walls, or Pamela Hansford Johnson's *Cork Street, Next to the Hatter's*, in which a worried don writes an unplayably foul play to prove that there *is* a limit, only to have it put on and praised.

One of the curious things about Schneck's pornography—as opposed, say, to *Fanny Hill*—is the low billing given to actual sexual contacts. Perhaps pornography has finally succeeded in ruining sex: since the man in the street has finally been forced to accept it, there's nothing for the rebel but to parody it or play it down. Schneck may well be caught between revolution and reaction, the victim of sexual backlash. His sexy passages are demoted from climaxes to mere transitions and dying falls, and before long we may expect to see beards and bangs brandishing placards demanding that we BAN SEX and defuse this bomb too.

SCHNECK's inexhaustible innovations slosh right out of the covers of his book onto the jacket, where we read that he spent five years in Mexico and Central America breeding horses and eating mushrooms; that he was part owner and skipper of a sixty-four-foot schooner in Havana; that he founded the American Beauty Studios ("Photograph Our Lovely Models In Our Voluptuous Salon"). "Facetious as the above may appear," he assures us, "none the less it is the holy truth. My entire life has been devoted to providing good copy for the back of a book jacket."

And indeed *Nightclerk* sounds as if it were written by somebody who could exist only in a very bad book-jacket blurb.

WATCH OUT FOR THE OTHER GUY



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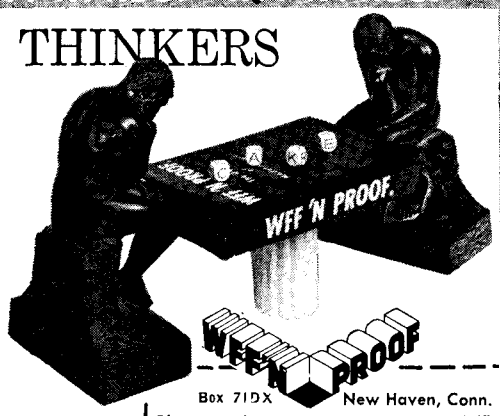

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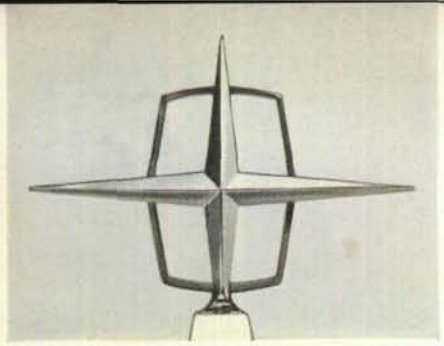

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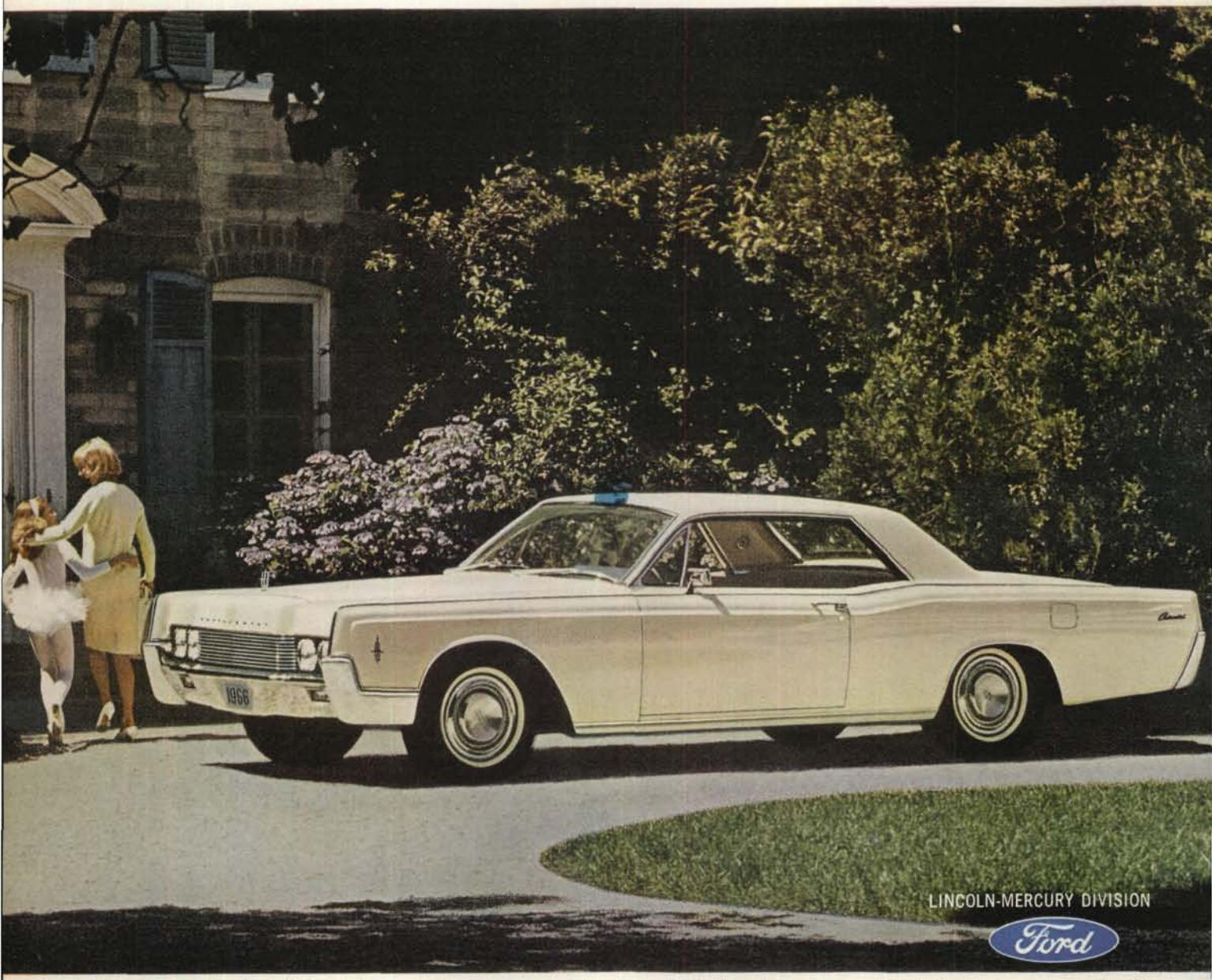

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